THE COMMONWEAL

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THE BILLION-DOLLAR GAMBLE

WE HAVE neither knowledge nor courage to predict the final consequences of the tariff act, in which, it may be suspected, we are as one with the Senate itself. Indeed we are persuaded that not more than a score of senators have given much thought to these consequences; if we are wrong, they are bolder spirits than senators traditionally have a right to be; perhaps we should say more reckless. For this bill which they have at last approved cannot fail to work changes in our economic organization from the bottom up, yet it was passed without any great conviction that those changes are necessary. This we conclude from the sentiments expressed by the senators themselves. The opinion of the majority is that no better bill could be drafted "under the circumstances," which is hardly an enthusiastic defense, and Senator Connally's bitter summary occasioned little reply. "Favored industries already prosperous will be more prosperous," he said. "Other industries, including agriculture, already distressed, will be more distressed." He was thought to be painfully obvious.

With such recommendations we are handed the highest tariff ever imposed upon a land of high tariffs. In commodity prices it will cost the consumer not less than half a billion a year, and very probably twice that sum; it will arouse the resentment of every other industrial nation, and in some cases inspire reciprocal action against American products. For instance, it is reported that France has already decided for a prohibitive import tax against American automobiles; who shall say that it is an unreasonable decision? But the further consequences which lie within these immediate effects cannot so easily be extracted and brought to light. Today no one can tell whether the consumer will be able to take that heavy loss and grin about it; nor whether the exporter will manage to make up in other ways for the curtailing of his foreign market. A billion dollars is passed about in Washington as casually as though it were $.10. Our objection to leaving the tariff in the hands of politicians is that where so much is at stake every risk that can be eliminated should be eliminated. The system which demands log rolling and vote trading to get anywhere is simply a gamble. If we have good luck, we win; if events pursue a normal and predictable course, or if we have bad luck, we lose.

The Senate gave six arduous months to the tariff bill, but so far as the final results are concerned, the

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wishes of the Old Guard may almost as well have been conceded in six days. And since those results so obviously reflect a last-minute political expediency rather than an honest and genuine persuasion, many now realize as if hearing it for the first time what observers at Washington have constantly said: that the representatives of the nation seldom, and only for brief moments, attain to a perspective of themselves and their proper jobs. There is a technique of politics, but there is no political philosophy. There is a routine of legislation, but there is no legislative conviction. About as much conviction is exerted on the drafting of a tariff bill as enters into a game of checkers. In the votes on oil, lumber, aluminum, pig iron and hides only eleven senators stuck to their original positions. The reversal of the votes on sugar and cement did not mean that certain senators had changed their minds as to the justice of the rates sought for those items. What in the world can this indicate except that the Senate as a whole knows no more about the fairness of the Smoot-Hawley-Grundy tariff than we do, and cares less?

We suspect this bill principally because of the way in which it has been passed. It seems to us that a tariff bill should be written out of an appreciation of the real needs of the country at the time, without regard for anything else whatever, and not as a schoolboy writes his first composition, in the wild hope that this jumble of words, meant to reëxpress ideas which are without significance to him, will in the end make sense to someone else. But of course we know nothing about it. We are aware only that the bill which has been imposed upon this country after it had grown weary of protest is certain to make a difference in the pay envelope of every wage-earner within a year, and we have an idea that the difference will be qualitative, not quantitative.

WEEK BY WEEK

OWING to a vast accession of coöperative goodwill, the Seventh Annual Celebration of the Founding of Maryland, as The Calvert Associates chose to call their public meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on the evening of March 25 last, may be termed genuinely successful. It is a pleasant duty to thank all who put a shoulder to the wheel. Two pages of the present issue have been set aside to meet this and kindred obligations. For the present it is, perhaps, more imperative to express one's gratitude to the individuals—cranks or otherwise—who threatened to "blow up the Opera House" and cause sundry similar catastrophes. Though they burdened the police with extra employment and frightened some of those who had planned to attend the meeting, they focused attention upon one major purpose of the event. This had been arranged not merely to celebrate the delights of tolerant theory, but also to protest against Russian policy. It is good that collective dislike of wrong-doing should be voiced in no uncertain terms. And we may say that, thanks to the press, the opinion marshaled by The Calvert Associates and their friends has been advertised in the Bermudas, Borneo and the Bronx. There can be no doubt that public ceremonies of this character help greatly to make efforts for religious liberty popular and effective.

Calvert Day

WE VENTURE to believe that the address delivered by Mr. Owen D. Young at the University of California on the general topic of international affairs is, taken all in all, the finest political comment offered the American people in years. The speaker had the priceless advantage of experience. Instrumental in effecting one of the fundamental economic readjustments of our age, he had seen what is termed statesmanship at grips with fundamental realities. For years previous it dwelt in the artificial climate created by the Treaty of Versailles—a climate in which, as Mr. Young declared, everything seemed possible, from rebuilding the devastated regions in onyx and marble to compressing southeastern Europe into air-tight compartments. Then lowly economics "got a hearing," and gradually moved to the centre of the stage until, in the Reparations Conference, it had the title rôle. What at present is its importance in the world of international affairs? "Well," said Mr. Young, "my answer is this: economic reintegration of the world is a necessary prerequisite to effective political coöperation in the world. America, as the greatest creditor nation, is more interested than any other in economic reintegration. To her isolation, either economic or political, is impossible. . . . Let no man think that the living standards of America can permanently be maintained at a measurably higher level than those of the other civilized countries. Either we shall lift theirs to ours or they will drag ours down to theirs. Tariffs and other petty political barriers, temporarily justifiable, only accentuate the trouble."

Mr. Young Expounds

MR. YOUNG held that experience indicates how impossible it now is to segregate mankind into groups one of which shall prosper at the expense of the others. America has learned that high wage scales are consistent with low production costs and high earnings; Europe has learned that class separations mean class warfare. Even more distinctly, however, we have learned another matter: "After all, we must remember that politics and economics are not the masters of men—they are their servants. The managers of both too often think and sometimes act as if human beings were merely the fodder of political and economic mills. Merely because I have spoken of these I would not wish you to think that I consider them in any sense ends in themselves. Back of them stand myriads of human faces. . . . Those faces must all move together

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for good or ill. So politics and economics, their servants, must move together too, not in one country alone, but everywhere. That way only can the benefits of civilization be enlarged—that way only can peace come." It is a pleasure to see that a man known primarily as an economist and financier underwrites statesmen to which contemplative human reason—sometimes unfairly dubbed idealism—indubitably subscribes.

Mr. Ford Advises

THROUGH the columns of the London Spectator Mr. Henry Ford salutes the manufacturers of England and tells them what is wrong with them. Characteristically he shows no patience with long-pull remedies. Tinkering with the tariff and efforts to reduce unemployment are a waste of time. High wages is the prescription, and as to manufacturers who are unable to pay them at present because of small profits, "The sooner they go, the better." How this will help the unemployed Mr. Ford does not say, but we imagine a British workman would not be too pleased to lose his job because his employer could not pay him an extra pound a week. And while we have learned that high wages is a very sound industrial policy, we have also learned that it does not obviate the necessity for a continuous machinery to reduce unemployment. We seem to have heard that England is not the only country wherein men are jobless at the present time. The high wages which mechanical improvements have enabled Mr. Ford and other reputable American manufacturers to pay have not yet created jobs for the six million men and women displaced by those improvements. We are very glad that the new Ford plant at Dagenham will pay its workmen a minimum of $25 a week, and hope that as many English manufacturers as possible will follow the example. Meanwhile we dare not sneer at the "pinch-and-scrape" methods of those who cannot. In other countries besides England there are times when to "pinch and scrape" is not a half-bad policy. Mr. Ford should visit the bread lines in the United States.

BUT the interview is not without recognition of the special difficulties which have beset English business men. Mr. Ford cites one advantage to American industrialists in the twentieth century which has not been emphasized before. "One difficulty we didn't have which England has in abundance—we did not have so many literary men and theorists who knew from books just what could and could not be done. We were free to follow where life was pulling us." The English and Europeans have fallen behind but it is not too late for them to catch up. Perhaps the way is through a general pact to sink all literary theorists, or perhaps Mr. Ford's interview may be taken as the foundation of a literature to end all literature. It is not the only medicine which must be applied, of course. There must be an importation of the American manufacturing "outlook," less placidity and no doubt more pep. Surely freedom from bookishness cannot be sufficient to explain the American success. We seem to recognize in his remarkable statement a confidence that even though he had been as crippled as the English by a bookish tradition, Mr. Ford would have come through.

Immigrant Mexicans

WHILE nobody knows how many Mexicans have entered the United States, the Immigration Restriction League estimates that veritable hosts of them have tripped across the border in quest of jobs offered by employers in the Southwest. This view is confirmed by the commissioner general of immigration, who says that the total number of bona fide entries last year—42,000—does not begin to represent the total trek across the Rio Grande. Such an ingress of peons at a time when unemployment conditions are bad is a social menace; and since the problem can be controlled only by a law ordaining a fixed Mexican quota, something of that kind must be expected. But the Johnson Bill, which has been favorably reported in the House, seems to get at this matter by raising other scares. It applies a "modified quota" plan to all the Americas, thus clamping theoretical restrictions upon immigration from Canada. The dominions are almost sure to resent this action, and their resentment is not pleasant to contemplate. Advocates of the Johnson Bill state that the Canadian quota has been fixed at a number larger than is now filled, but it is difficult to convey the significance of this point to Montreal and Quebec. Doubtless some adroit diplomatic maneuvering may help us here. It is, at all events, necessary to do something about the incoming Mexican, who is frequently not only a menace to American labor but also a victim of exploitation and social neglect.

The Laetare Medal Award

THIS year the Laetare Medal, conferred annually by the University of Notre Dame upon some lay Catholic adjudged to have rendered distinguished service, will go to Mr. Frederick P. Kenkel, of St. Louis. The choice is particularly apt because this has been a season of baffling economic problems, of unemployment and clamor for social reform. Few Catholics in the United States have taken a deeper interest in these matters or confronted them in a more practical way than Mr. Kenkel. As a young man he had lived in the atmosphere of middle-western liberal Socialism, so well represented by the personality of Victor Berger. Later on, having decided to place his knowledge and gifts at the service of the Catholic Church, Mr. Kenkel held various journalistic positions which led ultimately to his identification with the Central Verein, an organization of German-American Catholics. Under his directorship the publications of this society—chiefly Social Justice—have manifested a really extraordinary vigor and scholarship. The theory of social reform there expounded is the well-known

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"solidarism" sponsored by a prominent group of German sociologists and economists. In addition the Central Verein has, under Mr. Kenkel's guidance, accomplished a great amount of hard welfare work, notably among the immigrants. It is a pleasure to think that these years of brilliant effort have now been rewarded with one of the highest honors within the reach of the American Catholic laity.

A Generous Man Passes

OF MR. NICHOLAS F. BRADY, whose death in New York on March 27 has been so widely mourned, it may be said that he was both a man of wealth and a man who knew the responsibilities of wealth. Born as one of the heirs to a great fortune, he was known throughout life as a master of business methods, and his connection with scores of basic industrial and financial enterprises testifies to the confidence which others placed in his judgment. Nothing could have been clearer, however, than his determination not to rest content with the making of money. Mr. Brady's service to the nation was reflected in many acts, most particularly, one thinks, in his ardent service as a major in the Red Cross commission during the war. The list of his benefactions toward his university, Yale, and to many civic activities as well as Catholic agencies is most impressive. It is no secret that the Vatican regarded him as one of its chief financial and advisory abettors, and the friendship of prelates and cardinals here begun was continued later for more personal reasons. At home he was the guiding spirit in charitable activities of all kinds, virtually blazing trails of almsgiving. We may add that his interest in the work of The Calvert Associates was of almost incalculable importance. It is sad to think that he was called at a relatively early age, when the door toward new activities seemed open. Americans of all creeds and social groups may well regret his passing and, in their goodness, pray for the peace of his soul.

Hailing a New Index

SEVERAL years ago the Reverend Paul Foik, C.S.C., then librarian of Notre Dame University, led a crusade for improvement in an important domain of research. Intellectual workers of all sorts, eager to ferret out material buried in periodicals, had found it virtually impossible to utilize files of Catholic magazines. These were either without indices, or were catalogued only volume by volume. A thought suggested itself: why not promote the compilation of a Catholic periodical index? Now at last the wish has also been the father of achievement. The initial number of the index, covering the first quarter of 1930, has made its appearance. Supervised by a special editorial board headed by Mr. Francis E. Fitzgerald, of Saint Thomas's College, Scranton, Pennsylvania, the index is published by the H. W. Wilson Company for the library section of the National Catholic Educational Association. Thirty-six periodicals have been indexed, and the number is to be increased until every important publication in England and America shall have been included. We have no hesitation in declaring that here is the beginning of an important undertaking, which deserves and will surely get the support of libraries and the applause of students.

Rules for College Women

THE assistant dean of Radcliffe, Mrs. Mabel Barbee Lee, discusses self-government in women's colleges in the current Atlantic Monthly. She feels that it suffers from being forced to administer the regulations designed to control social conduct on and off the campus: regulations which reflect either "the desire of many parents to prolong the dependency of their daughters," or the desire of the colleges to avoid "unfavorable publicity." These regulations cannot be universally enforced, she says, because they are trivial and irrational, and if student government continues to be charged with them, it is in danger of developing, "instead of honorable and responsible citizens, students who, if not guilty personally, will condone sneaking, lying and hypocrisy." We agree (and we don't know what is to be done about it, any more than Mrs. Lee evidently does) that the one flaw of the strict "honor system" is that it tries to enlist serious moral support for matters that, in general, are not morally serious. But, though not morally serious, they are socially and psychologically necessary, and in not perceiving this, Mrs. Lee ceases to be a realist, however great her experience in guiding young women may have been. The rules she lists for censure are simply those which might be made anywhere for the external control of a numerous group of young women freed from home control, and not yet grown into fully responsible social units: rules for pleasure hours, chaperonage, and so on, all necessarily specific. But we are not concerned with their content so much as with their philosophy.

FOR such regulations do not merely represent an extension of domestic tyranny, or the panic of educational timidity, as Mrs. Lee alleges. They represent chiefly the immemorial instinct of civilized society for protecting the thoughtless and the unformed, and for giving tone to the social communion of men and women. Such artificial, formal codes exist everywhere, in some form or other, and they are treated everywhere just as Mrs. Lee complains the eminently normal young women of college campuses treat them: that is, they are accepted for their known value in the mass, with the clear if unspoken proviso that they are not necessarily inflexible in the concrete. They are recognized —to revert to our own terminology—as being socially necessary without being morally binding. This is undoubtedly an anomaly, and we share Mrs. Lee's regret that the moral credit of the administering bodies in colleges—the student government boards—should be impaired by it. But, unless student government is simply done away with, there seems to us nothing to

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suggest, except, of course, a little common-sense watchfulness of the code, to keep it reasonably up-to-date. And that most colleges practise already. Mrs. Lee's own suggestion—"Colleges might meet the issue by appointing a commission made up of qualified undergraduates, faculty members, and specialists in mental hygiene to study the whole subject of regulating the social behavior of the students"—is general. She evidently has not realized that, translated into specific results, it would simply mean more rules. Rules that would bind the group and inevitably, on occasion, oppress the individual—when they would, just as inevitably, be evaded or broken.

The Soporific Onion

COMPETING with the discovery of the new planet (which we most earnestly pray will not be called Percival) for our favorite news of late, is a report from the director of Colgate University's psychological laboratory on the sleeping habits of more than five hundred distinguished Americans. As there is no limit to what may turn up in the sidereal spaces, so there is no limit to the sleep-inducing tricks invented by ingenious men. Unfortunately many of these, as disclosed in the report, do not lend themselves to a general application; they are suitable only to the men who invented them, and may fairly be called unique. Thus in solving the problem however successfully for themselves, these men have contributed nothing to the peace of the world at large. The one man whom we nominate as a great public benefactor is the college professor who eats onions. Onions are available at every corner grocery; there is no monopoly on the onion, and it requires no learning in law, astronomy or mathematics to know how to eat one. There is the further advantage of cheapness; a nickle should be enough for two nights' supply, and finally it is one of the sweetest of fruits that grow in plain or valley. Twice this week have we felt like some watcher of the skies, and we are not sure but that the more genuine moment was when a new virtue of the onion swam within our ken.

Gilbertian Atheists

WE SHALL not begin by supposing that Mr. Chesterton is gratified by the latest news from Russia. All we mean to say is that the despatches describing the Soviet's response to the Pope's prayers might have been plagiarized from the more farcical chapters of The Ball and the Cross, or The Man Who Was Thursday. They follow with fantastic faithfulness the picture given us in those novels of the nonchalant no-Goddite who becomes purple with passion the instant he is contradicted—the serene and self-sufficient blasphemer who is hysterically upset by a recital of the Creed. Mr. Chesterton has discovered a penetrating fact about atheists: that there is some secret uneasiness at the core of their professed certitude. Their contempt of the, as they say, worthless and pitiable affirmations of religion, for some reason, hardly ever remains calm. Hence, Professor Lucifer violently shouting down the mild monk Michael (from the first novel named above) or the anarchist poet (from the second) screaming maledictions upon the outmoded and jejune sacerdotalism of the orthodox policeman, have prepared us with quite startling prescience for the official atheistic attitude in Russia at this moment.

WRITING UP ALMA MATER

EVEN the hardest headed among business men will concede the importance of the modern university. Even though it were concerned only with much ado about nothing, as several among its enemies declare, that "nothing" has captivated the national spirit. What matters now is to secure accurate insight into the development and status of this importance—to see the university world functioning according to its own laws and in consonance with its own rhythm. The publication of a history of Harvard University from 1869 to 1929, by Samuel Eliot Morison, is sure to help us here. Harvard is at once individual and representative. Having the advantage of comparative maturity, it has also been the scene of fundamental and furious modern educational debates.

One is impressed immediately by the remarkable diversity of the university's work. Mr. Morison has gathered the narrative of thirty-eight distinct institutions inside the one unit, the range being all the way from the department of philosophy to the school of public health. In every case the expenditure of wealth, personal influence and meticulous care has been virtually prodigal. The story of modern languages at Harvard may be taken as an illuminating example. If there were question merely of methods of teaching students how to speak and write these myriad tongues, one might find here a virtually inexhaustible fund of reference material. But a dozen other topics likewise suggest themselves—the efficacy of a series of forceful teachers, the vigor of whose speech has been felt far beyond the classroom; the value of research and written comment, which has affected a hundred aspects of thought and study; the significance of a constant stream of exchange professors, including not a few of the most prominent European authors; and, finally, the "drive" toward knowledge which this whole endeavor has supported. Multiply this record by thirty-eight, and the sum-total of what has been happening in this section of academia virtually baffles the spectator's imagination.

Nor must we overlook the accumulation of equipment upon which this activity is so largely based. The Harvard Library contained 287,000 volumes and pamphlets in 1880. Today it has six times that many, and the business of superintending this vast deposit costs $250,000 annually. The library is, we are told, "a veritable mosaic of gifts, and every volume that one

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takes up reveals by its book-plate the story of some gift or bequest." To think of the Widener, Shaw, White, Nolen and Lowell donations is to lose oneself in the contemplation of bookish treasures. And of course the library is only one detail. The University owns a forest of 2,100 acres, utilized by those who study the life and lore of trees; a collection of portraits of English judges from the reign of Edward VI; an experimental garden near Soledad, Cuba; a collection of works on mediaeval philosophy comparable with that of the Vatican; and a laboratory for the study of animal behavior. Nothing need be added regarding the Fogg, Peabody and Germanic museums, all of which are well known to the general public. But the mass effect of these possessions, as one finds them enumerated in Mr. Morison's book, dwarfs even the weekly activities of the stock exchange.

Turn now to the problem of administering this highly distinctive state, inside which mutual criticism is a dominant factor. Here government is only secondarily an affair of custodianship. The central concern is human nature. What can the university do for the student and the teacher? To how great an extent are these properly autonomous? The basic element in any reply to these queries is the conception of liberty, and liberty seems to affect three large departments of human activity. First comes student liberty. President Eliot had left this virtually unlimited, intellectually speaking. The assumptions upon which the elective system was founded have been diversely stated and expounded. Ultimately, however, they amount to two beliefs: that the student has a desire to grow in the right direction, and that he can grow in the right direction if not interfered with. Later on Harvard was quick to challenge this doctrine, so that the university as administered by President Lowell has been, in some measure, a laboratory in which repudiation of elective principles has been subjected to constant tests. Historically speaking, therefore, this experience is of immense informative value.

The second and third departments of liberty may be summed up together as professorial freedom and institutional freedom. One passage in Mr. Morison's book is very much to the point here: "To its abiding honor Harvard left Professor Hugo Münsterberg absolute freedom of speech, in spite of popular clamor, President Lowell insisting that if we censored certain utterances of a professor we tacitly assumed responsibility for what we did not censor." The attitude here exemplified seems to characterize a university which, though it has a certain corporate mind, leaves the individual instructor free to think and teach as he sees fit. Such a system runs the risk, to be sure, of suffering from potential professorial insanities; but the effect of these is easily suppressed by the body politic, which on the other hand would be wrecked by rebellions against autocracy. One finds it difficult to think of a more American understanding of the problem, or of a wiser tactfulness in dealing with it.

When we set the realities of existing Catholic universities in the United States against this picture they are likely to seem small, indeed, and in constant peril. All these universities taken together have neither the historical importance nor the varied resources of Harvard. Nor could they have. Generosity has not been ardent in their behalf. Circumstances have hampered development. But we must not forget that the story of Catholic university education in this country lies in the future. The life upon which it feeds did not begin until after 1850, and during the half-century which followed the struggle was mostly an uphill fight against poverty and for essential ecclesiastical needs. Since 1900 the curve has swung upward rapidly, attaining after the war to a really impressive incidence. It is from now on that a fair estimate of success or failure is in order.

The Catholic university has something to offer. First of all a social unity, derivative from a faith which is also love. Secondly, an innate humanistic scepticism, based on the circumstance that knowledge is seen to be something which is always partly faith. Thirdly, a background—a source—which is not only about one-fifth of the country's total population but has as yet hardly been tapped for intellectual energy. One sees Catholic education as something quite new and incomparably vigorous, therefore. It is essential to understand, however, that religion and education are not the same thing. The university is necessarily a corporation lived in for its own sake and exacting its specific hygiene. It is not a system but a place. Or rather, perhaps, it is not the vegetable kingdom but an organism. And so, one feels, every Catholic must face the problem of building up somewhere one university which, taken by itself and quite apart from all other considerations, is complete and challenging. There must come to be a Catholic Harvard.

The problem of how to get support for such a university is no longer a stumbling block. Catholics—like unto the rest of humanity in this respect—cannot expect to build universities here, there and yonder. They can build one university quite easily. The rub comes from an entirely different source. No arrows point to any particular spot. There is no leadership which swings public benevolence to the aid of a single higher educational task. On this score only one thing need be said. The Catholic educational system is as defective without a university centre as a wheel is without a hub. It is time to realize this fact. And once it has been realized, the future is in the hands of those who act rightly. But—and the point cannot be too frequently emphasized—this future is at stake now. Twenty-five years may not be too late, but twenty-five years would be a lot of time to waste. It would do no little good if every Catholic legitimately interested in this matter were to sit down and read carefully the inaugural address which President Lowell delivered on October 6, 1909. If that soaked in, tranquil slumber might be more difficult for us than is the case now.

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Places and Persons

UNDER THE SURFACE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

RETURNING to New York recently from a business journey which took me to the cities of Boston, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Philadelphia and New Bedford, I was moved to write the article I am writing now: but I refrained because I did not wish to seem an alarmist, or a pessimist; still less did I wish to appear to be pouring oil upon fires that nobody save social incendiaries desire to set blazing: the devouring flames of discontent and anger among the poor and the blamelessly unemployed. Had I written the article, I might have won for myself the dubious honor of a prophet of disaster. For, some weeks ago, I was in possession of information which indicated that there would be demonstrations and riots of the unemployed, incited or encouraged by agents of the Communists, in many places: and everybody knows that these have since occurred. Well-informed people know that they were merely preludes and curtain-raisers to much more serious social dramas —if not tragedies—that are almost (but, thank God, not quite) inevitable.

What I learned in the cities I have named, came first to my attention in New York, before I left on my journey. It was news of a startling character: a bulletin from the first-line trenches, so to speak, where the opening engagements of what may become a social war, or at least the skirmishes and demonstrations of a war, are now happening. And it came not from Communists, nor from radical critics of our social system: it came from a stoutly conservative source, from what some might term, with an invidious meaning, a reactionary source. Reactions and reactionaries, of course, as a matter of fact, are not necessarily to be regarded in an invidious sense: although sentimental or unthinking sympathizers with all sorts of experimental sociological ideas almost unvariably do use those words in that sense. Society or individuals may very sensibly and rightly react from wild or dangerous social theories just as society or individuals may wisely or unwisely react from or to conservative theories or systems. However, my first informant was neither a supporter nor an opponent of any particular social system: he was and is an experienced, prudent, devoted Catholic priest: the pastor of a large congregation, one who is closely and intimately in touch not only with the spiritual state and problems of his people, but also with their material cares and worries.

"Whatever the statistics of unemployment may say," he told me, "whether the number of idle workers runs into many millions or not, I do not know; but I do know, and so do most other pastors in New York, that not for many years have there been so many people out of work, and in such keen distress because of unemployment. Through my reception rooms last week there passed nearly two hundreds of my parishioners; each one begging for help to secure a job; or a job for Jimmy or Jane, or Mary or Bob, thrown out of work without fault of their own. Our Saint Vincent de Paul society cannot possibly get enough money to help the really desperate cases. So it goes. Moreover, there is discontent; there is sullen anger, in addition to bewilderment and distress. The poor are asking why they should suffer so, when the rich multiply; and not only is it the very poor who ask that difficult question; for hundreds of families that generally would not be classed among the poor—respectable people, usually quite safe and fairly prosperous—are now sinking down among the indigent class. And upon these smoldering sparks of sullen anger, of justifiable discontent, are being blown the winds of the revolutionary spirit. The soil is rich for the seeds of Bolshevist agitation. And they are being scattered lavishly. And if they have a chance to take root among our people: among decent, Christian families, not unused to periods of poverty—think of the ranker soil ready for that dreadful sowing among the millions of people in this country who are without the steadying factors of religion. I believe that if today or tomorrow there appeared a man of magnetic personality, an apostle of social revolt, fires would soon flame up in many places; possibly to meet in some great conflagration."

Whatever the opinions of my readers may be as to the theology preached by Catholic priests; however many of those readers may disbelieve in or even oppose the religion of the priests, no sane observer of the Catholic clergy would be likely to deny that the priests are very close to the common people; that they know the poor; that they are aware of the problems of the poor, and that under the surface of society, long before the newspapers hear the first murmurs of trouble, they in their confessionals, and their pastoral visits, and in their presbytery parlors (odd word to describe those austere rooms!) know what is going on in the depths of society.

Now, what this prudent, experienced and very wise prelate told me—he who considers anything even resembling social revolution to be a worse evil than the bad conditions which revolutionaries try to cure with violent or drastic measures—was confirmed over and over again in the course of the journey to the cities named above. And not only did the clergy (and there were bishops among them) tell me harrowing stories of the distress among their people, and the increase of

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crime, and the spread of anger; but many professional and business men, talking not for quotation, but in confidence, under the surface, had much the same thing to say.

Among these clergymen, and occasionally among the laymen (who mostly were Catholics) there were some who were students of Pope Leo XIII's encyclicals, and were keenly aware that the principles and the program announced in the social reconstruction letter of the American bishops, issued just after the world war, had not been promoted as widely and as vigorously as the times demanded that they should be. But the greater number of my informants were not particularly well informed or interested in the Papal plans for applying Christian principles to the practical solution of the problems of today. They merely set forth facts which they had observed, leaving it to others to draw their own conclusions, or to act upon such conclusions.

Who will take the lead? Who will come with some hopeful doctrine of reform out from under the surface of decent reticence and restraint now covering the misery and needless suffering of millions of honest men and women who desire nothing better than to work, to receive proper wages for their work, to pay their own way and put aside a little something for sickness and old age, and yet who are cast out of work, they and their children, by hundreds and then by millions, because the intricate social machinery of production and selling, for some mysterious reason which seems beyond the comprehension even of the supposed experts in such matters, begins to falter? If Christian leaders do not appear with such a hopeful and reasonable doctrine, it is certain that wide and eager will be the hearing given to the apostles of Bolshevism, or to the preachers of less logical but equally erroneous nostrums of social betterment. Certain is it also that many of the new evangels will not stop at stirring up discontent. They will organize discontent. They will put arms in the hands of the legions of the discontented. They will do their best to smash society even when they have no vaguest notion of what they wish to substitute for the system they will to destroy. They believe with Nietzsche that temples must be destroyed before temples may be erected again. And while the wildest exaggerations may be spread about this or that particular strike or demonstration being directed or financed from Moscow; and while certain unscrupulous financial interests may labor—as they do—to discredit all attempts at social reform by tarring them all with the black brush of the creed of Lenin and Stalin; nevertheless, it is an uncontrovertible fact that Moscow and its agents take the whole world for the field of their Red apostolate, and are busy wherever there is a chance—and where is there not today?—to work beneath the surface of society in order to destroy it.

In short, under that surface there is war going on: at present a war of creeds and wills; but which tomorrow may crash through into open and even world-wide disorder. Nearly three years ago, in the pages of the New York Times (October 2, 1927) I wrote what I was told to tell the world (so far as my feeble voice could reach it) by no less a priest than the Pontiff of the Catholic Church, through his cardinal Secretary of State. I was told to say that next only to the supreme spiritual interests which engage the attention of the Pope and his assistants (having to do with the eternal destinies of human souls) three major problems confronted the world: first, international peace; secondly, the persecution of religion in Mexico; thirdly, the menace of Bolshevism to all forms of civilization throughout the world. The Pope's views were considered to have so little human interest and news importance that the newspaper syndicate which had offered me $10,000 to get an interview with the Holy Father about "flaming youth" and the length of flappers' skirts, and other really live stuff, rejected my authorized interview, which under their contract with me they were quite legally entitled to do. But the New York Times is the best newspaper in the world—in the sense of being the best repository of news—and it gave an important page to publish the views of one who, as George Bernard Shaw told me at the time, had the right to be listened to attentively no matter what subject he discussed. Mr. Shaw might have added that the Vatican is the best-informed centre of real news in all the world. But I am afraid that only brief and passing attention was given to what the Pope said three years ago. Many European papers commented gravely, were deeply concerned; but the American press passed it by.

Yet shortly before that very time, hundreds if not thousands of clergymen—of the Jewish, the Orthodox, and the Roman Catholic faiths—had been tortured, slaughtered, imprisoned or exiled by the Bolshevists in Russia. Scores of priests had been slain in Mexico, then running red with blood and flame. Both the "governments" of Russia and of Mexico (for "governments" translate, accurately, "oligarchical dictatorships") solemnly assured the rest of the world that their victims were "counter-revolutionists," and had transgressed their sacred "constitutions and laws"; and the world outside, except for a few religious people among the Jews, the Orthodox, the Catholics, the Anglicans in England, and some of the leaders of other religious bodies in America, like Bishop Manning, and Dr. Brown, solemnly accepted the preposterous statements.

The "liberals" proved how hopelessly they have lost the power and the justification that once might have been attached to that ambiguous and (today) positively misleading term. They are mere pawns in the hands of the Bolsheviks. And certain elements of "big business," through highly paid "public-relations counsels," have fought the efforts to bring the truth about Russia to public attention. One of these gentry prevented the calling of a mass meeting of various religious bodies. Mammon does not like to have its work dis-

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turbed by the tears of the widows and orphans, or the cries of the tortured victims of the persecution in Russia.

But the Pope does not merely speak: he acts, and he called to his presence the general of the Jesuits, and with him Father Michael d'Herbigny, the great authority on Russia and the near East. All the Catholic bishops of Russia had been killed, imprisoned or exiled. Father D'Herbigny, under obedience to the Pope, and under secrecy imposed as well upon his general, was sent to Berlin to be consecrated a bishop by Archbishop Pacelli, then the papal nuncio to Germany, and after that he made his way in disguise into Russia, where he consecrated twelve Catholic priests as bishops: the twelve apostles, one might dare to say, of the rebirth of the ruined Catholic Church in holy Russia. And he escaped, and now in Rome he labors on with preparing the apostolate to Russia.

When will our complacent, easy-going, bewildered American people wake up? When, in particular, will our easy-going American Catholics wake up, they upon whom rests the duty of following their leader, Pope Pius XI, in this new crusade of Catholic action? Will what I am now writing be read with any more concern than is given to the sports page or the society column? Or will a few here and there recognize a voice from under the surface of superficiality which smothers our real lives most of the time, and bestir themselves, and seek leaders, or be leaders themselves? I like to think that The Commonweal readers are more than complacent, take-things-easily Catholics. They are potentially the leaders of the masses. We are facing a situation like unto that faced by Europe when the Mohammedan invasion threatened to overwhelm Christianity. Or such a situation as the western world faced when the French Revolution flooded Europe with its armies. But it is worse, rather, it may be worse if action is not taken in time to prevent it; for the new invaders press upon us not only from without our walls, they are within the city. They are mining it, they are poisoning the wells; and not only is Europe threatened, but the whole world as well: and what is much more important, we are threatened, here at home.

But our religious forces, our religious leaders, are called upon to do more than thunder against the invaders. They should meet the most practical arguments of the destroyers by reforming social conditions. They should take the lead in seeing to it that the rights and needs of the poor, of the workers, of the inarticulate and honest but angered masses of the people are recognized fully and frankly. Wipe out preventible and justifiable social discontent, and whatever Moscow may be able to do at home need little concern the rest of the world—save only that charity demands that all that it is possible for those outside Russia to do to aid the victims of the tyranny within shall be done: and promptly done. Fifty million militant atheists pouring out of Russia five years from now, joined by the discontented of the world outside, would be a menace compared to which Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, or Mohammed were as straws in the wind.

RADICALISM AND LABOR

By WILLIAM COLLINS

THE Communists are having a field-day with present unemployment conditions. Revolutionary speeches and parades make good copy for the press. Police clubbings to the click of the camera furnish Soviet citizens with tangible evidence of the growth of the world proletariat.

The years of trade-union activities in the United States to educate public opinion to their industrial program has no appeal for the heroic ambition of the Communist, whose sole mission is propaganda for the coming world revolution. The millennium has a great appeal to the unemployed worker who has been left stranded and helpless by a cold-hearted industrial society.

The unemployment program of the American Federation of Labor presented to Congress and state legislatures since 1921, has just been discovered by the politicians and furnishes them unlimited opportunities for oratorical outbursts. This is the present background of the industrial situation in the United States. It is not new! Let us see how long this has been going on by turning over a few pages of industrial history.

Samuel Gompers told us a good deal of what he experienced when a young men, in his Seventy Years of Life and Labor.

The panic of 1873 was the worst unemployment period that ever swept New York. The Jay Cooke Company and Fiske and Hatch failed. The Northern Pacific Railroad was tied up, and the Erie Railroad went into the hands of a receiver. The nation was industrially paralyzed. Thousands in New York City walked the streets seeking a job. This was Gompers's first experience with a Wall Street crisis and he had been laid off at the cigar factory where he was following his trade. There were unemployment parades and protests, with the usual political gestures that gave no food to the hungry families. The Working-men's Council worked out a plan of dividing what is now known as the Lower East Side, into four sections, to take a census of unemployment. The result gave them the material for a program to be presented at a mass meeting in Cooper Union. The program called for employment on public works, maintenance money for at least one week for the needy, and the governor and

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the mayor were to prevent evictions. It was an emergency program for 1873 but it reads familiarly enough in 1930.

It will be recalled that in Europe the French Revolution and Bismarck's social methods had driven many Germans and Frenchmen to seek the shores of the United States. These Socialists and members of the French Commune had formed their various little meeting places to carry on their propaganda of freeing the worker from his class domination. They were not at any time in accord with labor men of the type of Gompers. Dreaming of a future emblazoned with seals more astounding than even those of Fôurier and Saint-Simon, they could be as little satisfied with anything short of a millennium as a group of poets could be content without the spring.

The mass meeting in Cooper Union on December 11, 1873, found a great crowd. There was an unusually large sprinkling of French Communists. The city was aroused to the injustice of unemployment. The mood and the cause for rebellion were there. A comprehensive statement of the situation and its causes was read at the meeting. There were many speeches. Then Gompers, who was an interested spectator, heard the word that fired his heart and imagination in the age-long struggle against oppression. The mass meeting authorized the appointment of a Committee of Safety—a name borrowed from the dreaded agency of the French Revolution.

It was a Christmas without festivity that year. Many street meetings of protest by the unemployed ended in tragedy. Gompers learned and felt the dread of this folk movement, born of primitive need. He saw that even the politicians dared not ignore them when they paraded to the City Hall. The press began hinting at the Commune.

Meanwhile plans had been formed for a big out-of-door mass meeting. The father of the present Labor Day holiday, P. J. McGuire, a young Irish-American, was in charge with other members of the committee. Tompkins Square was to be the meeting place. Mayor Havemeyer had promised to be present and address the meeting on January 13, 1874. Meanwhile, thousands of unemployed accompanied their spokesmen to the City Hall and showed by their physical presence the urgency for relief.

The French Communists saw in the situation an opportunity for propaganda. As Gompers said:

> Propaganda was for them the chief end of life. They were perfectly willing to use human necessity as propaganda material. Practical results meant nothing in their program. They were young heroes, determined to play a great part, hence they were unwilling to do the unostentatious, quiet, orderly things that make for constructive progress.

This group immediately appointed themselves as a provisional committee of the Safety Committee. They raised money, issued circulars and made speeches. The group representing the Working-men's Unions protested against demagogic methods and urged that relief for human beings was the real thing. The press got scare headlines and front-page stories of the Communist speeches that made the city feel it was on the verge of a revolutionary uprising.

The day before the mass meeting at Tompkins Square, the park commissioner sent an order to the police commissioner, forbidding the meeting because it threatened public peace. The Safety Committee was ordered by the police commissioner to return the permit but none of the committee could be found. The labor men who learned of the situation feared the results for those who would go to Tompkins Square next morning, so they went to every union meeting and wherever the working people were gathered, and warned them of what had happened.

Gompers reached the Square next morning and found all the people assembling. Soon it was packed and all the avenues leading to it. A detachment of police surrounded the Park. A group of workers carrying a banner with the words, "Tenth Ward Union Labor" marched into the Park and without a word of warning the police charged, using their clubs right and left. Then galloping to the scene came the mounted police, riding down men, women and children. Gompers jumped into a cellar to escape having his head cracked. He was caught in the crowd. The attacks of the police kept up all day. Whenever a few ragged workers gathered in the streets they were beaten and driven away. Police were charging down the streets creating a reign of terror. They justified their policy by the charge that Communism was rearing its head. The Communists replied that they had been sold out by some members of the Working-men's Union.

The Tompkins Square outrage of January 13, 1874, was followed by a period of extreme repression. The New York police practised continental methods of espionage by invading private meetings and ejecting all of those present.

Gompers tells us in his biography that he was in no way connected with the arrangements for the meeting, but was present as an intensely interested workingman. He felt the importance of the situation and it left an indelible mark for his future activities. He said:

> As the fundamentals came to me they became guideposts for my understanding of the labor movement for years to come. I saw how professions of radicalism and sensationalism concentrated all forces of organized society against a labor movement and nullified in advance normal, necessary activity. I saw that leadership in the labor movement could be safely entrusted only to those into whose hearts and minds had been woven the experiences of earning their bread by daily labor. I saw that betterment for working-men must come primarily through working-men. I saw the danger of entangling alliances with intellectuals who did not understand that to experiment with the labor movement was to experiment with human life.

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY

By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

Few portions of the history of the Americas are more fascinating than that which deals with the efforts of early Jesuit missionaries to establish an ideal state, peopled only by Indians, in Paraguay. It has, we think, never been told better than by René Fülöp-Miller, the distinguished German historian. What follows is the first instalment of an excerpt, which The Commonweal is privileged to publish, from a forthcoming book, The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits. This work, warmly praised by Catholics and non-Catholics alike throughout Europe, will be issued in this country shortly by the Viking Press.—The Editors.

THE missionary Spanish Jesuits, who had become familiar with the customs and inclination of the colonists in the South American cities, came to the conclusion that the so-called "savages" of the primeval forests were much better fitted for the establishment of a religious state than were the white people. "For not only," wrote the fathers in their reports, "do the Spaniards make slaves of the Indians, but they also destroy them, inasmuch as they are addicted to many vices of which our simple children of nature know nothing."

The missionaries therefore began to cherish the idea of entirely segregating the Indians from the whites, thereby not only protecting them from tyranny, but also guarding them against the corruption of bad example; it frequently happened that the intercourse of the Indians with the Spaniards undid in a few short weeks what the missionaries had been successful in accomplishing after years of hard work.

Eventually, the Jesuits submitted their project to the king of Spain. They thought that, if the king would grant them the right of setting up an Indian state completely independent of the Spanish colonial officials, they on their part would promise complete recognition of the Spanish sovereignty together with the payment of an annual poll tax to the court of Madrid.

For some time past, King Philip III had been in constant need of funds, so that the financial inducement offered by the wily fathers favorably influenced his decision. He therefore granted a patent conferring the desired powers on the Jesuits, and, at their express request, ordering that in future no white man with the exception of the governor should enter the Indian settlements administered by the missionaries, without the permission of the latter. This patent was confirmed by Philip IV, who, when he ascended the throne, inherited the many financial embarrassments of his predecessor.

The Jesuits were now in a position to set to work in the forests and steppes of eastern South America, mainly on both banks of the River Uruguay, to establish that ideal state in which pure gospel principles should alone hold sway. From the outset, they rightly appreciated the fact that a real "kingdom of Christ upon earth" could be founded only among savage Indians in the densest virgin forest, and subject to the complete exclusion of the European Christians.

The geographical conditions favored the scheme of the fathers. The Spanish settlers, who had at first been attracted by the search for silver to the southeastern regions of South America, had settled at the mouths of the great rivers, the interior, except where accessible along the banks of the rivers, not having been opened up by them. But, as the Jesuits found on their explorations, the River Uruguay formed at one point of its course a huge cataract with dangerous rocks and rapids which prevented its navigation by European craft; above this impassable barrier there stretched the territories inhabited by the Chiquito and Guarani tribes.

The Tyrolese Father Sepp, who later visited the country after the establishment of the Jesuit state, wrote:

> Our missionaries are all of the opinion that God made this waterfall and these rapids for the benefit of our poor Indians, for the Spaniards, impelled by their insatiable greed for wealth, have come thus far in their great ships, but no farther. Up to the present, they have not set foot in our dominions and have been unable to open relations or do business with our Indians.

The cautious fathers, however, relied neither upon nature nor upon the royal patent which had been granted to them; but in addition they did all in their power to prevent the intrusion of European civilization into the territory entrusted to their guardianship. Not only did they most strictly prohibit the natives to hold any intercourse with the whites, but they also took the precaution of insuring that the former learned neither the Spanish nor the Portuguese languages. They even went so far as to urge their protegés to use force against any stranger who might venture to enter their territory without express permission.

When the first Jesuits explored the virgin forests of Paraguay along the river banks, any kind of missionary work seemed well-nigh impossible for the Indians persisted in timidly fleeing from them. But the fathers noticed that, when they sang religious melodies in their canoes, the natives peeped out of the bushes here and there to listen to them, and gave signs of extraordinary pleasure. This discovery supplied the missionaries with a method of enticing the Indians from their forest haunts. They took musical instruments on their voyages, and played and sang to the best of their ability.

Chateaubriand writes in his Spirit of Christianity:

> The Indians fell into the pleasant trap. They descended from their hills to the river banks in order the better to

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> hear the enchanting notes, while many cast themselves into the water and swam after the boats. Bows and arrows fell unheeded from the hands of the savages, and their souls received the first impressions of a higher kind of existence and of the primitive delights of humanity.

The missionaries were not able to expound to the astonished Indians in their own tongue the meaning of what they had sung; they aroused such interest that the savages invited them to accompany them to their forests and plains, there to sing to the old people and explain the meaning of what they sang.

The fathers thus penetrated into regions hitherto unexplored by any European, in which the Guaranis and Chiquitos dwelt in a state of unspoiled nature. There they found human beings who, according to the accounts given by the missionaries, were clad in deerskins. The girls and boys went naked, their long, uncombed hair hanging like manes to their shoulders. Their noses were pierced, and from them hung by threads, bones or colored feathers, while their throats were similarly adorned. The women were ugly; their jet-black hair fell in coils over the sunburnt, wrinkled faces and down their backs.

These savages were of a childish, friendly nature, and the first missionaries who discovered them reported that they had seen "200,000 Indians" who were "in every way fitted for the kingdom of God."

The fathers, aware of the wonderful effect of music on the Indians, overcame any opposition they met with by striking up a solemn chant. But, more remarkable still, the Indians themselves tried to imitate the musical performances of the missionaries, and, under the guidance of the fathers, set to work with enthusiasm to learn to sing difficult chorales in several parts. This interest in music was destined to have a considerable influence on the development of the state in process of growth, for the fact that the Indians, who had hitherto lived in scattered settlements in the forests, now came more closely together was, to a large extent, inspired by the desire to meet for community singing.

The first families to concentrate in one locality were certain of the Guarani tribe to whose settlement the Jesuits gave the name of Loreto; shortly afterward were founded the Christian Indian communities of San Ignacio, Itapua and Santa Ana, all situated on the middle reaches of the River Parana. From this nucleus of Indian villages arose the settlements of Paraguay, which soon comprised considerable portions of the present states of Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chili, Brazil and Bolivia. During the most prosperous period of this strange state, there were in all thirty-one such settlements, each of which had a population of between three and six thousand souls. The total population of the whole country amounted at that time to about one hundred and forty thousand.

Almost every function of everyday life was performed to the strains of music. As early as five o'clock in the morning, the people were summoned by a fanfare of trumpets to church, where Mass was celebrated with much singing, intoning of responses and instrumental music, for the missionaries held that

> nothing was so conducive to inculcating the Indians with reverence for God and love of His worship, or to make the Christian doctrines more easily understood by them, than their accompaniment by music.

By nature, the Indians were very much averse to manual labor, but here again music came to the aid of the fathers in overcoming their laziness. As the men marched forth to work in the morning, they were headed by a band of instruments; they tilled the soil to a musical accompaniment, and in the same manner they felled trees and erected buildings; they ate their midday meal to music, and in the evenings they returned to their villages headed by a band.

The German Protestant, M. Bach, who was employed by the Bolivian government in the forties of the last century, during which period he made a thorough study of what vestiges survived of the Jesuit republic, relates that even the Indian children had to visit the music school for a certain number of hours daily; constant practice, combined with a considerable amount of innate talent, had the result that "even in a chorus of thousands of voices a false note was never heard." Among these natives, it was regarded as the first duty of a citizen to be able to sing properly.

All the missionaries expressed the greatest admiration for the extraordinary musical talents of these people; they could not adequately express their surprise at the quickness with which mere boys among the Indians learned not only to sing, but also to acquit themselves in a most skilful manner in the handling of difficult European wind and string instruments. It was chiefly the German fathers who gave instruction in music; they regularly conducted church choirs and even full orchestras, which included "violins, contrabasses, clarinets, flutes, harps, trumpets, horns and tympani." Every village had, so the fathers recorded, at least "four trumpeters, three good lutanists, four organists, as well as reed-pipe players, bassoonists and singers." Their repertoire included, in addition to church music, marches and dances imported from Europe, and even selections from Italian operas.

The missionary Francis of Zephyris commented on one occasion that:

> Among the simple Indians in the virgin forests of America, the fathers were unable to claim any success in the teaching of mathematics, because no one there understood or wished to possess such knowledge, but they acquitted themselves well with the music. . . .

As well as musical instructions, the missionaries took great pains to provide all kinds of amusements for the recreation of the inhabitants of their Indian state, for they held that a joyous life was not detrimental to virtue, but rather tended "to make the latter better liked, and to encourage it." They therefore frequently arranged popular festivals with games, athletic con-

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tests and sham fights. Father Charlevoix records how the Jesuits had introduced into the settlements "the laudable custom of the Spaniards" of celebrating with dances the festivals of the Church, so that the Indians might find greater joy in Christianity.

The father related:

> Sometimes they performed complicated dances, sometimes they played the games of chivalry, either mounted or on foot; sometimes they gamboled on stilts six yards high; and sometimes they walked the tight rope, or tilted at the ring with lances. On another occasion, I made them act short comedies, in which, after I had taken much trouble to get their parts into their dense heads, they gave a most excellent performance.

These primitive theatricals pleased the Indians so greatly that, many decades after the expulsion of the Jesuits, they still performed the plays which they had been taught by the fathers.

The Tyrolese missionary Sepp gives a graphic description of a great festival which was held on his arrival in Paraguay.

> We landed at sunrise, and were greeted from the bank by the Indians with the joyous cry of "Yopean! Yopean!" They all hastened from their huts, some half naked, some clad in garments of skin; one mounted his black horse, another his grey; one seized his bow and arrows, another his sling and stones, and one and all ran, as only they could, to the river bank. . . .
>
> There now appeared in the middle of the stream two splendid craft, like armed galleys, filled with drummers, reed-pipe players, trumpeters and musketeers. The bands played, the trumpets sounded and the guns were fired, and a sham fight took place between the two vessels. The Indians leapt into the river and fought, partly below and partly above water, a pleasant sight to behold. Finally, they all swam round our boat, greeting us joyfully.
>
> On the bank stood the father superior with two troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry, all of them Indians, but all splendidly accoutered with Spanish equipment. They were armed with sabres, muskets, bows and arrows, slings and cudgels; they staged a very fine sham fight. While this was in progress, four standard-bearers waved their flags, four trumpeters rallied the people, the cornets, bassoons and reed-pipes sounded the alarm, while we gradually appeared from our verdant leaf-covered huts, embraced, and, to the sound of joyous pealing of bells, entered the church under green triumphal arches, accompanied by some thousands of Indians. . . .

Particularly impressive was the way in which Corpus Christi Day was celebrated, many of the inventions of the missionaries recalling the festivities of the Chinese imperial court. Living birds of all hues were tied to triumphal arches of flowers and branches. Here and there were placed "chained lions and tigers," as well as basins of water containing wonderful fishes. These arrangements were intended to convey the impression that all nature's creatures were taking part in the homage rendered to the Blessed Sacrament.

During the Easter procession were carried life-size figures, manufactured by the Indians, portraying various episodes of the Passion. In order further to intensify the impression made on the natives, the fathers also made use of statues of the saints with movable limbs and eyes, and strewed the ground with herbs and flowers, which were then sprinkled with perfumed water.

As time went on, the fathers discovered that their protegés possessed a surprising aptitude for making exact copies of European models. If a crucifix, a candlestick or some similar object were shown to an Indian with the request that he should produce replicas, he immediately made a copy which was hardly distinguishable from the original. The women could reproduce very closely the most costly Brabant lace, while a number of Indian work people even constructed a remarkable organ based upon a European model. They engraved metal figures and made copies of missals in such a way that no one could tell which was the printed and which the written copy. The trumpets made by the Indians were fully equal to the products of the Nuremburg instrument-makers, and their watches were in no way inferior to those made in the most famous Augsburg workshops.

Work of this nature gave great pleasure to the Indians, who set to work willingly and with the greatest zeal when articles were required for their festivals and the adornment of their churches, or in connection with their musical instruction. By the skilful and unobtrusive manner in which they encouraged such occupations under the guise of recreation, the fathers overcame the innate inertia of the Indian; there thus arose among the virgin forests of Paraguay a regular industrial system.

Eventually, there were to be found in all parts of the country joiners, smiths, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, turners, pewterers, watchmakers, sculptors, painters, bell-founders and instrument-makers; the workshops were generally situated close to the mission house. M. Bach notes the plan of the workshops as follows:

> In the courtyard stood the sugar-mill, while in the rooms surrounding the courtyard were to be found those who were employed in sugar-boiling, the blacksmiths, the silversmiths, the carpenters, the joiners, the turners, the wax-beachers, the dyers and the weavers with between forty and fifty looms. . . .

In addition, each settlement specialized in one particular trade; thus statues and carving were made in Loreto, the best instrument-makers were to be found in San Juan Bautista, while other settlements made a specialty of leather work.

At a certain age, the children were sent by the fathers into the workshops, where they were allowed to choose the trade for which they had a special preference. The missionaries thus sought to ensure that "the vocation was determined by natural aptitude."

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MEMORIES OF A PROFESSOR

By JOSEPH SCOTT

THIS is but a memoir of my boyhood professor who was destined to become Cardinal Merry del Val. Over the waste of forty-five years, I am again in a classroom in a little college at Ushaw in the north of England, listening to a man without a trace of a foreign accent teaching us French. I can still visualize the outline of his figure, rather tall, ascetic of face, alert of movement and with a pair of dark eyes that pierced to the heart. His voice is quiet, rather deferential in tone and modesty personified in the expression of his pedagogical views. Yet he holds us in the hollow of his hand, though we are a rough and ready outfit, brought together from the ends of the world—one from Trinidad, two from America, two from Hindustan, one from Spain, two from France, a goodly percentage of them from Ireland and Lancashire, still the heart of Catholic England.

He was as young as some of his pupils and not much older than the youngest of us. Though born in London while his father was secretary of the Spanish legation there, he had traveled extensively, but had never contacted with the atmosphere of a college hitherto, either as student or professor. He had been nurtured amid aristocratic surroundings all his life. He was of a noble family with a long lineage of distinguished devotees to Church and state. On his mother's side he had a strong strain of Irish blood from Waterford. As though prophetic of his future life, and particularly of his preëminently diplomatic successes he adapted himself to this new situation without difficulty or embarrassment.

Up there on the Durham hills it is a hardy race that survives the bleak east winds, the long damp winter with its intermingling frost and snow and slush and rain. But he accepted this with the fortitude of a stoic and went among us as though he had never seen the cloudless sky of sunny Spain. He was noted for his solid piety, his fervent absorption of soul in the college chapel, and as with us students, so among his elder conferees he had that indefinable charm that stamps the Christian gentleman according to the Newman definition. There was nothing spectacular about his career; he did the duty completely that was assigned to him; walked unostentatiously among his fellows and mingled with his colleagues, the sons of miners and farmers or lords of the manor, with equal facility and charm.

When he left our tiny college home, we little thought of the subsequent career which was destined to be his and none would have forecast it.

Ushaw is a college of the old school, where clerical and lay students are educated side by side, where the prospective man of the world is taught as is his future priestly chum, the necessity of thorough religious education and devotion for the battle of life. It may not work out elsewhere. Under the circumstances surrounding the situation at Ushaw it has been pronounced a success. Among its alumni are numbered four cardinals and other distinguished men in Church and state, and it teaches them that irrespective of their success they are all sons of the alma mater.

Because of that sentiment, I kept up a correspondence with my old professor from the time I left the college—but at infrequent intervals. I recalled from that source that as soon as he left Ushaw he was assigned by Pope Leo XIII to become a student at the Ecclesiastica Collegio Da Nobili in Rome, to prepare for a diplomatic career in the Church. The great Leo had been a most effective diplomat himself and he saw that with the long array of diplomatic forbears of the young student the Church would produce an envoy extraordinary.

He was ordained "ad titulum patrimonii sui" and immediately attached to the person of Leo XIII and the secretariat of the Vatican, coming in that manner in daily contact with the luminous intellect of this great pontiff of the Church. He was his amanuensis at the time of the publication of the immortal encyclical on labor. His linguistic attainments alone made him of incalculable service in the cosmopolitan character of the correspondence and audiences of the Vatican. A Spaniard—speaking English and French with equal fluency—absorbing the intricacies and idioms of the Italian language with alacrity, he became at once a marked man; and in due course of time Pope Leo appointed him archbishop of Nicoea and the head of the great Academia Ecclesiastica of which he had formerly been a student. While in this position he was appointed as papal nuncio to go to Canada at the time the perplexing school question had become a thorn in the side of both Church and state. This was the only time he ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean. It was recalled that while in Winnipeg on this particular mission, his linguistic accomplishments were given a remarkable demonstration at a formal welcome extended to him at a Catholic educational institution where ecclesiastical and state officers were present. As though to advise him by concrete example of the language difficulties alone in the province of Manitoba, addresses were given to him, as a test of the students' proficiency, in Latin, French, German, Polish, Italian, Spanish and English. In each address, speaking extemporaneously, he replied in the vernacular of the particular language of each address and with most appropriate sentiments. One of the government officials turned to a colleague who was a devout Catholic and said, "No wonder the Catholic Church succeeds when it can enlist the services of such amazing talents."

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On the death of his beloved patron and friend, Leo XIII, in 1903, the Consistorial College of Cardinals selected the young archbishop as its secretary, again testifying to their appreciation for his marvelous gifts of tongue. That was the customary preface to his selection as cardinal to succeed the archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Sarto as Pius X, who immediately appointed him as cardinal to succeed himself. Within forty-eight hours the new Pope called into his presence the youthful cardinal—he was only thirty-eight years old at the time—and handed him a portfolio without advising him of its contents. When he opened it, and read the news it contained, he swooned to the floor. The Pope had selected him for the most responsible position and the greatest office in his gift, that of Papal Secretary of State. When the young ecclesiastic recovered consciousness he begged to be relieved of the burdens of this exalted office, but the sovereign pontiff more than ever satisfied by this evident humility and the wisdom of his choice, commanded him under holy obedience to submit; and the confidence he thus reposed was heightened continuously during the eleven years of his pontificate by the extraordinary ability, tact and fortitude with which the duties of his high office were fulfilled.

During his administration came the acute clash with the French government and the Combes ministry. The world knew then what "non possumus" meant as it came from the devoted life of the great cardinal. "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re" was again exemplified as the only method where principle is involved. While the French political press and platform, and parliamentary rostrum denounced him as reactionary and impossible, the Catholic world stood in awe of this giant of the Church putting his pious soul into conflict with the materialistic principles of the anticlerical government of France and not quailing at any stage of the encounter. "He only is at peace with God, who is at war with the force of evil." Thus he fought and the success of his uncompromising stand on principle is recognized today as the salvation of the independence of the Church.

The world war broke the heart of his saintly supreme pontiff, and Pius X passed to his eternal reward, and again a Consistorial College had to assemble to determine upon his successor, which in the providence of God was determined in the person of Benedict XV. True to an almost universal custom to allow the new pontiff complete independence of judgment as to the policy of his administration, Cardinal del Val surrendered his portfolio of Secretary of State, and was assigned to the most distinguished position of arch-priest of Saint Peter's. Over the administration of the temporalities of this great basilica, and in the performance of the elaborate ceremonies incident to the ritual of the Church, he brought all the fervor and devotion of his exemplary soul.

It was my privilege some three years ago to have a private audience with him of about an hour. He was buoyant and cordial in the extreme, recounting experiences of our college days and reminding me of incidents that had been altogether obliterated from my memory. There was not a vestige of waning strength or mental fatigue—just as invigorating and stimulating as when I had last seen him years ago in his gorgeous Borgia suite in the Vatican as Secretary of State.

But the glimpse of him I shall never forget, on Maundy Thursday, carrying the monstrance in his hands, with his face plainly showing evidence of obliviousness to all around him, walking through the aisles of Saint Peter's with representatives of all the nations of the earth around him, bearing "the Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world."

This is written on the golden shores of California, the country that has been hallowed by the labors of the sainted Spaniards who crossed the seven seas "for the propagation of the Faith of Christ." Their illustrious fellow-countryman of the same apostolic mold, a voluntary exile from the land of his sires, will be, as he dearly wished, near the remains "of his beloved father and Pontiff, Pius X," in a foreign soil, while his patrimony has been left by the terms of his will "in toto" to be distributed to the "congregation for the propagation of the Faith."

The elect of the Church Militant assisted at the funeral obsequies of this great champion of the Faith. Twenty-one of his colleagues of the College of Cardinals participated in the ceremonies, while all Rome ceased its daily toil in memory of the illustrious churchman who had walked humbly with God and man all his fruitful years.

But, to me, I shall be able to think still more clearly of the precious days of my boyhood and of the high privilege, of which I was the unworthy recipient, to sit at the feet of this modern Gamaliel, and try "not to lose the common touch."

"God rest him everlastingly in His bountiful arms."

Two Sisters

Having seen so often your heads over a book
Bent close, bronze darkness next to honey-brown,
Having heard you argue together and laugh to look
At the final page, unable to agree
Since the same word has a different color for each,
(Then you would fling the book down,
Tired out with words and what their sense might be)
I wonder sometimes how you can talk at all,
With temperament between you like a wall.

I think of us all three
Where the sea burned along an island beach.
You would quarrel like two birds
About the purple water, the green, the blue,
Those iridescent words
Changing . . . hovering how far short of speech!
And I would borrow a color from each of you
And lay its feathers against the peacock sea.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH IN NEW YORK

Because of the interest taken by the public in the ceremony commemorating the foundation of Maryland which was staged by The Calvert Associates on March 25, the following is offered by way of editorial summary. Stress is laid upon the letters received from prominent persons unable to attend the meeting. It should be added that we have also received, and are still receiving, messages from others. These are not reproduced here, for obvious reasons. Only those are given which were read at the meeting by the chairman. They will, it is hoped, convey the significance of the meeting.—The Editors.

TO OFFER our readers a complete account of the great public meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, which commemorated the founding of Maryland, is patently impossible. The press and other agencies of opinion have generously pronounced it a success, and that verdict The Calvert Associates may accept with pardonable pleasure. Briefly speaking, the program had three objects: to bring home to a large number of people the significance of the Maryland colony in the history and development of religious toleration; to protest against the violation of conscience by the Soviet government in the name of socialized tyranny; and to afford opportunity to impress upon the public the values of religious art, specifically music, as fostered by Catholic, Episcopal and Jewish groups in the city. There were some disappointments, caused by accidents over which no control could be exercised. Thus the Honorable John W. Davis, whose address many were anxious to hear, was prevented from appearing by a sudden illness, and Mr. Matthew Woll, whose thought-provoking speech was quoted in all journals which dealt with the event, was similarly obliged to cancel his promise to come. But owing to the good-will of the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Rabbi Nathan L. Krass and others, there was good oratory in plenty, while the singing of Mr. Charles Hackett elicited volley after volley of applause. The choral selections offered by the Paulist Choristers, the Choir of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine and the Temple Emanu-el Choir, were likewise enthusiastically received.

Two details stand out as especially memorable. The first was Father Walsh's critique of the proclamation by a group of ministers of their unwillingness to protest against Moscow since (they held) the Russian Church had been so intimately bound up with the czarist régime that antipathy to it was natural at present. Father Walsh pointed out that under no circumstances was it possible to hold that either the Catholic Church or Jewry had been identified with czaristic autocracy. These faiths were, as a matter of fact, constantly in danger of persecution under the old order. The facts indicate, he declared, that the present "war on God" is not a battle against any traditional ecclesiastical organization but a campaign in behalf of atheism. This exposition met with obvious favor. The second detail is Mr. Matthew Woll's proposed course of action, explained as follows: "There is one way and one way only by which we can prove our sincerity and make ourselves felt by the dictators. A few years ago, when refusing recognition, President Coolidge aroused the overwhelming support of America when he said we were not influenced by material motives and would not sell our recognition for trade. The Soviets are now boasting of the economic support they are getting from American big business. Most of this is falsification—the purest propaganda, which could not stand a moment's analysis by unbiased and unprejudiced persons. But there is some truth in it.

"Our government has disapproved of the extension of long-term credit to Soviet Russia and that disapproval has been partly effective. But only partly effective. Can we not find a means to make this financial boycott more effective? Should it not be the policy of our government? Can we not get other nations to act with us to refuse all credits until the Soviets return to the fold of civilized humanity? Can we refuse to place a cause like this above a few paltry millions—utterly insignificant, moreover, in amount not only to us but to any other of the intelligently organized and humanely governed nations? Can we do less?"

We regret that it is impossible to reprint the addresses, which taken together constitute an interesting documentation bearing upon a major issue. The opening remarks by Mr. Williams, who served as chairman of the meeting, are incorporated in Places and Persons in this issue. Attention must also be called to Father Walsh's pamphlet, which served as the basis for his discourse and which is now available for distribution. One feels that it forms an essential part of any dossier upon which an opinion regarding present-day Sovietism should be based. As we announced last week, copies may be ordered through this office. The Commonweal hopes to publish soon another remarkable document bearing upon the situation and sure to be widely noticed and commented upon. We may also be pardoned for adding the plea that study of the Maryland origins may be fostered wherever possible, in order to prepare minds for the observance of the Maryland Tercentenary, in 1934, with the requisite spirit and information.

It remains to present as part of the record the letters received from prominent persons who could not attend the meeting but were anxious to express their interest in the aims and endeavors of The Calvert Associates. We give them in alphabetical order, as follows:

From Archbishop Curley of Baltimore:

Lovers of religious freedom in Maryland are proud of the fact that their fellow-countrymen in New York are celebrating Maryland Day. The spirit of that day is the most important force in the civic and religious life of our nation.

So long as men are free to worship their God according to their conscience, so long shall we have a nation powerful not only in a material sense but also in a moral and religious sense.

We of Maryland are proud of the contribution made by the Calverts and the early settlers of the colony to the well-being of what is now one of the greatest nations on earth. The continuance of that greatness will depend largely upon our keeping alive the spirit that gave birth to the celebration being held tonight.

From Honorable John W. Davis:

It is a matter of deep regret to me that a severe cold makes it impossible for me to be present or to address the meeting which you are holding on March 25 under the auspices of The Calvert Associates.

Perhaps you will permit me to express through you my sympathy with the purposes of the meeting and the cause it is intended to advance. That cause is none other than the cause of religious liberty, and the date is the anniversary of the land-

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ing of the voyagers in the Ark and the Dove under Leonard Calvert at the mouth of St. Mary's River. That event is one of the milestones in the history of religious liberty in America, for the little band of mixed religion began at once to practise what in that day few dared to preach—toleration for views which differed from their own. It was a beginning and although the famous Toleration Act of 1649 fell short of modern standards, and the later history of colonial Maryland was marred by the struggles of contending creeds, the sun which rose at St. Clement's Island never entirely set but brightened slowly into glorious noon.

Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of worship —what are more precious than these in all the catalogue of human rights and liberties? Indeed, how can life itself be worth the living where these things are denied? The melancholy events that are taking place in Russia should remind us how great are the blessings we enjoy, and should strengthen us to defend our birthright of freedom from whatever quarter or with whatever pious pretense it may be assailed. This is the lesson of all human history—that vigilance, eternal and constant vigilance, is the price of liberty. There are always those who, when persuasion fails to bring others to their way of thought, are willing, when they can, to put compulsion in its place. Let us know such men for what they are—enemies of their neighbors, enemies, could they but believe it, of themselves, and enemies of Him Who created the mind of man and made it to be free. We but defend our own freedom when we stamp with indignant disapproval the denial of a like freedom to other men.

From Lieutenant Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York:

I am deeply regretful that because of the pressure of official and legislative duties here in Albany, it is not possible for me to attend the celebration of the two hundred and ninety-sixth anniversary of the founding of Maryland.

No development in the history of the colonies or of our nation was of deeper importance than the establishment of the principle of religious liberty in America through the vision, courage and steadfastness of purpose of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Our free institutions must to a great degree take their inspiration and impetus from the acceptance of the doctrine of inviolate religious and political liberty. To weaken this principle would be to weaken the entire structure on which our government is built and I conceive it to be the duty and desire of all right-thinking Americans to stand unswervingly and without compromise for its maintenance.

From Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland:

There is no more vital or notable anniversary anywhere on the earth than that of tonight. It commemorates Maryland's contribution not only to her own posterity, but to the world.

The Maryland idea was an evolution. It embodied the results of George Calvert's practical experience with American colonization. It profited by the mistakes at Avalon, at Jamestown and at Plymouth.

Intolerance was almost universal, but beneath the surface a new thought or ideal was beginning to dawn. It was the ideal of a religion born of freedom and not of force. It was the commencement of tolerance as a cardinal principle in religious teaching. Faith and hope were essentials of religion already. Charity was soon to begin its age-long struggle for acceptance too.

Lord Baltimore became a Catholic and, therefore, the object of religious persecution. His intention was to make Maryland an asylum for his coreligionists. But he did not aim to do this by making Maryland a Catholic province. He embodied the new ideal and he secured toleration for the Catholics by demanding tolerance for those of all other faiths as well. That later history in the province limited this concept of general tolerance for awhile does not abridge the significance or effect of this initial step. It remains true that Maryland was the first province to establish religious freedom in the new world.

On the civil side, vast and autocratic powers were given Lord Baltimore. We like to think, with Bishop Russell, that his intention in securing this sweeping sovereignty was to defend his colonists from royal interference and to preserve intact the principle of religious toleration which he desired should always be theirs. In any event, he did not use it for self-aggrandizement, and the Maryland charter contained a provision which had not been known before, that the lord proprietary should make no laws and lay no taxes without the consent of an assembly of the freemen of the province or their representatives. This was followed by the insistence of the people that the assembly had the right to initiate legislation and to determine the times of its own sittings.

Thus did Maryland give to the new world the principle of popular sovereignty as well as a notable advance over Virginia in the idea of local self-government.

These two contributions are more than chapters in American history; more than landmarks in American institutions; more even than milestones in human progress. They embody in very truth the spirit of liberty, the gospel of freedom and the consciousness of the American people.

From Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York:

It is a fine thing that The Calvert Associates are to hold this meeting in memory of the establishment of the principle of religious liberty in America.

As the years go on Lord Baltimore and Thomas Jefferson will stand out more and more as the protagonists of a cardinal truth which is one of the cornerstones of the republic.

From ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York:

While I must write you that I regret that Mrs. Smith and I cannot be with you at the annual celebration of The Calvert Associates, I want at the same time to express my deep interest in the work that they are carrying on. They have established a fine record of bringing together the liberal leaders of American thought to foster tolerance and the high ideals on which our country is founded. The spirit and work of your association are of vital importance in American life and I wish the organization every success.

From the Margaret Brent Civic Guild:

We read with much interest in The Commonweal your announcement of the annual celebration in memory of the founding of Maryland and the establishment of the principle of religious liberty in America.

Nearly fifteen years ago when suffrage for women was inevitable, Mrs. Frank C. Scanlan of Boston started an organization for women to study civic problems from a Christian viewpoint. The name of Margaret Brent was selected for our guild and as an organization named in honor of a Catholic pilgrim of Maryland we send you our best wishes for a successful meeting.

ELLEN F. SWEENEY,

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VERSIONS OF CHAUCER

The following excerpts from a forthcoming version, in modern English, of The Canterbury Tales are offered in the belief that they will be found interesting as a contemporary poet's homage to the "father of English song." Mr. Hill's book will be published in the near future by Longmans, Green and Company.—The Editors.

Before the Tournament

Great was the feast in Athens on that day,
And all the lusty blossoming of May
Put folk in such a happy countenance
That all that Monday did they joust and dance
And made for Venus high festivities.
But since with morning they must all arise
Early, in readiness to see the fight,
Unto their rest they turned them with the night.
And on the morrow, when the day began,
Clatter and noise of arms for horse and man
Sounded in all the hostelries about.
And toward the palace many a troop set out
Of lords on steeds and palfreys. And therewith
Might ye have heard the armor-forging smith
At work on harness rich with many a fold
Of woven steel, embroidery, and gold.
Shields, hauberks shone; and trappings gayly wrought,
And coat-of-arms and gold-hewn helmets caught
The light; and gay-cloaked lords went riding through
On coursers proud, and knights of retinue;
And squires were nailing spears and making right
The straps of shields, and buckling helmets tight,
And lacing thongs—in nothing were they idle;
And foaming steeds, each at his golden bridle,
Were champing proudly, and the armorers too
With file and hammer darted to and fro;
Yeomen and commoners with staves were out
Crowding as thick as they could move about,
Fife, trumpet sounded, clarion, kettle drum,
From which in battle bloody noises come;
All up and down the palace floors were thronged,
Three here, ten there, that great debate prolonged,
Questioning of the knights, these Thebans two;
And some of them said thus and some said so;
Some held the part of him with the black beard,
Some backed the bald one, others the thick-haired;
Some said he had a grim look and would fight—
"He bears an ax is twenty pound in weight."
Thus in the hall the words went busily.
Long after sun began to mount the sky.

Emely

And so passed year by year and day by day,
Until it fell, upon a morn in May,
That Emely, that fairer was to see
Than on his green stalk is the bright lily,
And fresh as May with blossoms born anew,
(For with the rose's color strove her hue
I know not which was fairer of the two)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and garbed to greet the light.
For May will have no sluggardry by night;
The season stirreth every noble heart,
Making the sleeper from his sleep to start,
And saith, "Arise, and thine observance do."
This brought to Emely remembrance, too,
That she should rise and honor do to May.
Now to describe her—fresh was her array;
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yard long, I should guess,
And in the garden, as the sun uprose,
She wandered up and down, and there she chose,
Gathering now of white and now of red,
Flowers to make a garland for her head,
And like an angel sang a heavenly song.
The mighty tower, that was so thick and strong
And for the castle was the dungeon-keep
Where these two knights were held in durance deep,
Of which I told, and more shall tell withal,
This tower was close beside the garden wall
Where wandered Emely for her delight.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

COMMUNICATIONS

(We regret that, for the time being, we are compelled by lack of space not to publish much interesting correspondence which has reached us. Preference is given no one, our method of selecting letters which appear being as impersonal as is humanly possible. Those whose letters do not appear may rest assured that we have appreciated hearing from them, that we would gladly publish what they wrote if space permitted, and that we invite them to contribute again. It is, however, impossible to acknowledge receipt of letters to the editor or to return missives not used.—The Editors.)

EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—By the mischance of interrupted personal routine, I have been unaware until now of Evolution of a Moderate Drinker, by Father Ross, in The Commonweal of November 20, 1929.

Even at this late, I would add my thanks to you for letting it in and for the editorial notation upon it as "temperate and intelligent." Intelligent it was, and more than temperate; its tone was indeed restrained, especially in those passages on conditions observed in Chicago, on "all the talk about personal liberty," and on the unwillingness of drinking advocates "to give others the freedom not to drink" or to protect themselves against drinkers. Father Ross might have cited an apposite Chicago example of that last, and doubtless many another locality could supply analogues.

For several pre-Volstead decades we had a local regulation in Chicago by which a given locality or neighborhood, if devoid of saloons, could be made no-saloon-territory upon petition by the requisite preponderance of property owners. One of the first, if not the very first, applications of this regulation was to bar saloons from a locality in which brewery barons had built costly homes. But thereafter, proposals to establish no-saloon-territory elsewhere seldom or never got through the city council without a fight to the last breath by representatives of the saloon interest. Until circumstances like that and a multitude of others are forgotten, many fairly reputable and liberal-minded citizens will stay cold, with Father Ross, on the aggressive wet idea of personal liberty.

Wet ballyhoo seems to ignore some sources of the public acquiescence which (more than popular demand) gave us the

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Eighteenth Amendment. The anti-saloon campaign in its earlier stages—and I had frequent close-ups of it then—was for "option" legislation; for county option chiefly, and at most state-wide option, the very thing wets now clamor for.

Expansion of this program to include a constitutional amendment was stimulated (in ways too complex for brief exposition here) by the obstacles set up against "option." Followed utilization of the adventitious aid of war-time, especially the acquiescent aid of deep-seated and widely diffused hostility to the American saloon in all of its social, moral and political manifestations: "If the saloons won't be controlled, then let prohibition come." Hence it is that so many temperate first-hand observers agree: "Not the Anti-saloon League, but the organized booze business, passed the Eighteenth Amendment."

Persistence of that old and widely diffused, but seldom logically analytical, hostility to the saloon, may be enough to abort the best efforts of the modificationists until they evolve a definite program, whether for repeal or modification, instead of assaulting our ears and patience with hysterical shrieks, cooked statistics and crocodile sobs over the "undermining" effects of the Eighteenth Amendment and its Volstead offspring. For if there is, to an onlooker, anything less tolerable than the fanaticism of the dry ballyhoo, it is the preponderant selfishness and hypocrisy of the wet ballyhoo.

Some of us who are often abroad at hours when the manifestations of excessive drinking are most easily seen, and who have contact with obvious social and economic conditions in the mass—we are left cold also by the claims of "more drinking now than before Volstead." The whole case, whether for or against prohibition, can scarcely be predicated upon what is done by (old or young) country-club, road-house, cocktail-party, hip-gin, speakeasy and night-club addicts, the aggregate number and importance of whom are relatively inconsequential. Anyhow, that is the considered opinion of one who does not and never did believe prohibition to be the best expedient, but will not vote to abandon it until some definite saloon-excluding alternative is proposed. You might be surprised by a count of the like-minded.

I thank you for the Father Ross article especially because it revives hope that your perspective—catholic or Catholic—is not hopelessly distorted. To some readers, your temper and tone on prohibition have been—call it disappointing. It has seemed one-sided, at times intolerantly so; unmindful of observation and experience, inseparable from discussion of prohibition; cruelly forgetful of the hurts our people, especially the Irish, have had from drink. Your readers, with whom these and analogous considerations have weight, may be only a minority, but perhaps a minority not wholly negligible.

BERNARD J. MULLANEY.

Wilson, Pa.

TO the Editor:—May I comment on a letter from Mr. Charles J. Byrnes of Pittsburgh, published in The Commonweal for March 5?

Here Mr. Byrnes, setting forth some views on the present state of the prohibition controversy, permits himself to generalize, I think, unwisely. Concerning opposition to prohibition on the part of journals, his charge that " . . . a portion of the public press is full of paid propaganda . . ." is one that should be specific. At least a single instance to substantiate the charge should be given. We have heard this blanket accusation repeatedly made in recent months, and always without a shred of supporting evidence. While it is admitted that many of the published opinions against prohibition are "mere harangue," prohibitionists should bear in mind that this taunt cuts two ways: the harangue against prohibition is engendered by the endless cant offered in support of it.

A diligent reader of Pittsburgh's syndicate press, I submit that these journals are eminently fair in the treatment they accord dry folk and their views. That they are not enthusiastic about the bizarre opinions of prominent dry spokesmen is no proper reason to disparage these publishers. The editorial policy of our papers in the first flush of prohibition was all that our dry friends could ask; but, in the intervening decade, their publishers in common with multitudes of us, have come to sense the intrinsic wrongness of national prohibition. Hence, it is neither strange nor blameworthy that under the circumstances their issues should reflect their altered views. Immediate resort to accusation and denunciation in the face of criticism is, I think, evidence of conscious positional weakness. Therefore substantiation of the "paid propaganda" charge is in order.

I take it that Mr. Byrnes is a defender of the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing "laws." Yet Father Ross, whose Evolution of a Moderate Drinker he extols, gives Mr. Byrnes small comfort here, for he says: "Naturally I had nothing to do with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the coming of national prohibition had depended upon me, I would certainly have deferred it. One of the most unfortunate things for temperance workers is that national prohibition came too soon."

Passing over Mr. Byrnes's gratuitous charge of anti-prohibitionist insincerity, I would call his attention to the fact that "constructive thought" in this matter has repeatedly appeared in the press of Pittsburgh. In part these consisted of warnings of national danger inherent in the spirit that would increase authority concentrated in the federal government; cogent pleas for a return to the states of rights originally exercised by them but now strangely wielded from Washington; publicity for substitute proposals to control the liquor traffic; these and much other matter of a constructive nature appear in our journals.

Is not defense of human rights above property rights a constructive thought?

We Catholics have our own machinery for promoting temperance. Why ignore it to worship the golden calf of coerced economic betterment paraded as mass morality? I know of no successful experiment in making men moral in the mass by civil legislation lethally enforced. I am convinced that our national integrity is in grave jeopardy from the continued enactment of federal legislation having a quasi-moral motive. And I believe it can be shown that the concept of morality from which such legislation springs is not merely non-Catholic but is in essence anti-Catholic; and I believe further that these enactments are not law by the test of a rule of right reason. In this conviction I feel it a matter for concern that some few Catholics should attempt publicly to defend such reprehensible legislation.

J. B. KELLER.

GOOD INTENTIONS

Williamstown, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As one who admires your paper and yet is amazed at its variation as to character of criticism and the subjects selected for criticism, I would like to know why this lack of unity and vacillation is so evident. I should like to make some observations, highly personal no doubt, but then so subjectively written is the large part of the content of your paper that perhaps a personal view will be overlooked as a

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mere symptom of disappointment in the development of what you frequently set forth as your ideal.

In a splendid editorial of some weeks back you enunciated what to any cultured person would seem the ideal apologist, but in subsequent articles any resemblance to that ideal is so far fetched as to be laughable. In Elmer Murphy's article on Money, Morals and Health, in the issue of February 12, even assuming that Mr. Cook had nothing to say and no right to say it, Mr. Murphy's paragraph following his quotation of the Cook article re Greek civilization is as biased as any thing Cook could have said. And the tone is so typical in all such matters finally one feels the futility of helping to combat unscholarly understanding of civilization at any period.

In an article under the heading For a New Noah's Ark, in the issue of February 26, one joyfully reads a keen exposition of the state of modern life; suddenly one's joy evaporates for one suddenly realizes that Ludwig, the king of present-day charlatan writers, was the recipient of valuable space in a review of his latest book.

What have we? Nothing, just an occasional expression of what might be a policy but alas! that expression goes the way of old good intentions and instead our sweet, smug, mediocre feelings are no more harmed than they would be if we sat and carefully read the morning newspaper.

Why the great American public whether Jewish, Protestant or Catholic must be written down to, talked down to, sung down to, preached down to, acted down to, is quite beyond my simple brain. Roger Bacon summed up for Pope Clement four grounds for human ignorance: First, trust in inadequate authority; secondly, force of custom which leads men to accept too unquestioningly what has been accepted before their time; thirdly, placing of confidence in the opinion of the inexperienced; and fourthly, hiding of one's own ignorance with a parade of a superficial wisdom.

How familiar it all sounds! If only some one could add about five more reasons as to why we grow worse.

MARY ROOD.

THE STREETS OF THE CITY

London, Eng.

TO the Editor:—May I briefly but warmly thank The Commonweal for the response made, by its means, to my article, The Streets of the City? I have duly thanked the individual donors.

By the same post came pleasant news from Rome. The secretary of the Poplar Settlement Council had been received in private audience by the Holy Father, who assured her that he knew the docks and appreciated intimately the work we are trying to do at Poplar; and by an almost incredibly delicate instinct, gave her forty-five gold sovereigns of Victorian mintage, and she was assured that if only he had been able to find five more, she would have received them. Impossible to spend those coins! The thought proved how far from technical was the blessing he gave to all who in any way helped the Poplar Settlement. The duty of asking for money is to me not only unpleasant but quite new. If, however, it occasions so personal a kindness from the Holy Father, it has its more-than-compensations.

REV. C. C. MARTINDALE.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Last Mile

JOHN WEXLEY'S play about a mutiny in the death house of a western state prison should be considered in two separate aspects, that is, in its worth as a play, and in the light of the propaganda it is obviously intended to spread concerning capital punishment. Like all plays with a "mission" its theme is apt to stir emotions and prejudices which have nothing to do with the play itself as an example of dramatic craftsmanship.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to a short magazine sketch by one Robert Blake, written when the latter was himself in the death house awaiting his execution. But the material used obviously has its genesis largely in the events of recent months in many prisons over the country, where the spirit of gangland has broken forth with unexampled ferocity. In this sense, the play is timely. Moreover, it is presented with the most complete realism and an uncompromising determination to make the audience experience every last emotion of horror, suspense and mental torture. Its weakness lies in an inner lack of proportion and truth, and in that mawkish sentimentality which creates false situations and false values to prove a point.

The first act gives, with excruciating detail, the preparation of a prisoner for electrocution—the last meal, the ministrations of the priest, the cutting of the trousers, the ghastly comments of the condemned men in the neighboring cells, the last faltering march toward the death chamber, capped by the dimming of the lights as the fatal current is applied. Something of the character of the play and its method may be gathered from the first-act curtain. The lights are made to go dim a second time. The strained nerves of the other men break forth. One of them cries out, "They're giving it to him again! Good God—do they want to *cook* him?"

The second act, two weeks later, shows the start of the mutiny. One of the prisoners catches the guard by the neck, from behind the bars, nearly strangles him, takes his gun and keys, and then, freeing the others, assumes command. A brief raid in the neighboring corridor yields a few more victims—the priest, the principal keeper and two guards. Their guns and cartridges are turned over to the prisoners, and the death house prepares for a siege. From then on the play is pure melodrama —the battle between the prisoners and the guards and troopers outside, the sirens and searchlights, the messages of defiance back and forth between the warden and the prisoners, the relentless shooting of the hostages, the narrow escape of the priest from a like fate, and all the oaths and blasphemies which form the accompaniment of such realism. The moment comes at last when there are only two bullets left—with three prisoners remaining alive. The leader decides to offer himself to the machine-gun fire outside, so that the two remaining can take their own lives rather than wait for the torture of more weeks in the death house. He explains to the surviving chaplain that he never expected to gain freedom, but that "something had to be done" to show those in authority the despair which present capital punishment methods could generate.

Considered simply as a play, the structure of The Last Mile is admirably suited to keep suspense and interest at the highest pitch. It combines all the stock features of melodrama with material familiar to the average audience only through the columns of the tabloid press. It recognizes no such thing as artistic restraint. It is frankly and purposely sadistic in its method. Such direct mental brutality can be justified only by

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a very passionate and sincere purpose in the writing, and by an uncompromising adherence to truth. I see no reason to question the sincerity of purpose, but I did find the play constantly veering toward maudlin sentiment and a falsifying of values. Aside from the leader of the mutiny, John Mears, known as "the killer," the prisoners are made to appear a mild and long-suffering lot. It is never easy to think of them as murderers, convicted after careful trial by twelve impartial jurors. One of them is constantlly bleating about "the little girl" back home who is about to have a child. Further to confuse values, the principal keeper is made out an ineffectual coward. Thus the basis for exaggerated pity is cleverly faked, and the emotion of the moment is heightened at the expense of inner truth. This cardinal weakness deprives the play of at least half of the justification it might claim for its sadism.

As to the propaganda involved concerning capital punishment, it is never quite clear whether the author is attacking the death penalty itself, or only the painfully slow methods by which the American system carries it out. In view of the sentimentalizing of the prisoners' characters, one is inclined to take it, emotionally at least, as an attack on capital punishment itself. On the other hand, the incidents of the play derive their point chiefly from the suspense which a condemned prisoner must face between the time of conviction and the execution of the sentence—on the needless cruelty, in short, of the American system.

There can be no question of the excellence of the staging and casting of this play. Spencer Tracy, in particular, as John Mears, puts the final seal on his qualifications as one of our best and most versatile young actors—a position he has been headed for ever since his outstanding work in that trivial little comedy, The Baby Cyclone. But neither fine acting, nor expert staging, nor technical excellence in play construction can justify the cruel and morbid horror of this play when, in central characterization, it breaks down into sentimental distortion and twisted values. The honesty of great art is sacrificed to the emotional ferocity of false illusion. (At the Harris Theatre.)

Topaze

THERE is a certain universal irony in this comedy by Marcel Pagnol which carries it beyond the confines of its originally Gallic spirit. It is, essentially, a scathing satire on graft. Its morals are, of course, utterly topsy-turvy, in that honesty is unable to hold its head above water and the ways of political graft emerge triumphant. But this is the way of relentless satire, and there is never a chance of the real point being lost. The play is cleverly conceived, well written, and though some of its situations are of one sophisticated piece with several of its rascally characters the general treatment is adult without being offensive. The sophistication is the woof of the satire.

Topaze is a meek and ever so honest school teacher in a small boarding-school of provincial France. In the first act we see him laboriously trying to inculcate copy-book maxims into the minds of a rebellious class of small boys. Unhappily, his honesty extends even to the markings which he gives the son of an influential baroness who demands the dismissal of Topaze.

In the meantime, Topaze has been giving lessons outside of hours to a boy he believes to be the nephew of an attractive widow, one Suzy Courtois. Topaze has by no means understood the relations between Suzy and Castel-Benac, a member of the local city council. The latter makes it a habit to throw all city contracts his own way through the use of a convenient dummy. On the very day that Topaze loses his job at the school, Castel-Benac has a break with his dummy, who demands too high a percentage of the graft, and through the suggestion of Madame Courtois, the innocent Topaze is offered the job of the dummy. All he has to do is to sign papers and maintain the outward dignity of an office. For this trifling service he is to receive what appears to him as fabulous wealth.

The sharpest irony of the play begins when Topaze gradually learns the real nature of his patron's business. His tender conscience almost explodes with scruples and indignation, but when Castel-Benac obtains for him—through blackmail pressure— a degree of doctor of moral philosophy for which Topaze has yearned all his life, the scruples fade. He soon becomes stronger than his master. His vision goes beyond petty graft. He double-crosses Castel-Benac himself, and brings the play to an end by taking away from the discomfited politician not only his business but the affection of Madame Courtois. During the progress of this transformation, we have a chance to see graft hovering in all quarters, and the efficacy of blackmail even at the seat of national government.

Much of the effectiveness of the American adaptation depends on the expert characterization of Topaze by Frank Morgan. He brings an irresistible touch of pathos to the first and second acts. Phoebe Foster and Clarence Derwent as Suzy and Castel-Benac respectively maintain the spirit of the piece admirably. But several of the other characters lack entirely the Gallic flavor in their acting. The mere fact that the irony of the play has overtones as easy to understand in New York as in France does not lessen the need for the touch of French style necessary for full illusion. (At the Music Box Theatre.)

When John Barrymore Talks

ONE of our best motion picture critics, Thornton Delehanty, has made the discovery that the freedom of the talking screen has released a quality in John Barrymore's acting which earlier motion pictures had threatened to obliterate. This is profoundly true. In General Crack, the first of his talking pictures, Mr. Barrymore has regained the verve and enthusiasm and keen interest in his work which characterized his stage appearances. Speech apparently has a vast deal to do with the effective timing of an actor's gestures. I noted this recently in Greta Garbo's first talking picture, and it is even more pronounced in the case of Barrymore. Speech permits the essential repose of the great actor, the deep restraint, and heightens the occasional volcanic outburst. It removes all need for exaggerated facial contortions and melodramatic gestures. It is a relief to feel that his splendid art may now come back to us again and again through the newer medium.

To a Cosmopolite in Spring

Leave daffodils and tulips in their corners
To preen in water-mirrors and look pretty;
Even forsythia shall find us scorners,
Weary of proper yards in this prim city.
Now come where poplars gossip in the rains
The scandal of the wild, sweet, early flowers,
Where lusty creeks like mares with leaping manes
Freighten the loudly silent April hours.

Here shall anemone maraud the senses,
Hepatica and bloodroot and azalea;
Wild peach beside deserted orchard fences
And buttercups' belated Saturnalia.
Then spring shall be no more a hackneyed story
But ways turned golden and a walk in glory!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

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BOOKS

The Value of Science

Science and the New Civilization, by Robert A. Millikan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

DR. MILLIKAN is known for his popular scientific lectures as well as for his important contributions to physics. His latest book is a collection of lectures delivered at various times to different audiences. Some chapters are therefore more technical than others and there is unavoidable repetition, but these links of different size and weight form a continuous chain with the following thought common to all. Pure science, abstract, removed from the life of the day, has laid the foundation upon which our civilization rests. The radio, the airplane, modern motors and countless other material achievements depend upon the "useless" thought and "idle" experiments of men dead many hundred years. So today those discoveries that seem most irrelevant are, and similar ones will continue to be, the bases of unimagined structures in the future.

This book will not increase one's knowledge of physics but it should clarify the fundamental relation of the scientific method to advances in human knowledge. Facts so discovered are cumulative and the time comes when they are fashioned into a theory that leads on to greater achievement and affects man's thoughts and deeds.

The author, in the chapter devoted to the Alleged Sins of Science, denies its culpability for the war. He shows that knowledge cannot be blamed if men misuse it and that "every scientific advance finds ten times as many new, peaceful, constructive uses as it finds destructive ones." The very abuses that made the last war horrible may themselves bring about its abolition. For war will cease when and only when it is known to have no survival value. He exposes also the absurdity of the fear that some scientist will one day release interatomic energy sufficient to destroy the world. The energy is not available. Had man turned aside aghast and ceased his inquiries when this possibility was first suggested he would have missed the knowledge that has since been gained—halted by the shadow of his own fear which the truth has now dispelled.

Surely no one should dispute the value of science. Truth should need no defenders. It is not necessary to prove that it can do no wrong. But scientists themselves are not always as guiltless as science. Dr. Millikan is aware of the tendency to present fancy as fact and to promulgate inconsidered opinions, and he decries it. But there is a much more insidious error which he does not avoid. The suggestion recurs throughout this book that man can advance by science alone, that knowledge so gained is the only knowledge, and that science by means of evolutionistic philosophy points the way to a finer religion, to a better world. Science has truly helped to sweep away some misconceptions bound up with religion but not a part of it, and its light has sometimes pierced the dark shadows of superstition and banished them—for all truth must ultimately work toward the same end. It is a high ideal to strive for the betterment of the human race, to plan the welfare of generations yet unborn, but religion points the way to this goal more clearly without forgetting the individual soul and its accountability to God. Religion wants the help of science in every possible way but not at the cost of relinquishing its highest ideal. Dr. Millikan pictures man as sleeping until three hundred odd years ago, then, with the dawn of the age of science, awakening to a realization of the universe about him and turning from the "useless" monastic life to "useful" work. Surely the writer who has just proved the utility of much scientific work that seemed useless to those unacquainted with it should beware of applying that word to something beyond the sphere of his own knowledge.

Again, he speaks of mediaeval theology together with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century materialism as "assertiveness without knowledge"! It is to the credit of science that it has emerged from the latter. It is to the discredit of the scientist that he speaks so of the former—a topic evidently beyond his ken.

The author concludes that the relation between science and "the long-since vanished conceptions of the universe, or of God, frozen in ancient man-made creeds" is obviously one of "inescapable conflict." This, of course, is not a scientific conclusion but rests upon Dr. Millikan's conception of religion. That is his own affair. But, since he makes such statements it is pertinent to ask what the "essential religion" of which he speaks may be. What is the distilled essence of Christianity removed from all creeds or statements of belief? It is strangely like science without facts or faith in natural law, it is like the natural philosophy of 300 years ago which science has outgrown precisely by collecting data and recognizing law. A leader in one branch of thought should pause and consider that many intellects at least the equal of his own have recognized certain creeds or beliefs—the data of religion if you will—under which Christianity has flourished and produced great men for well-nigh two thousand years. True science does not and moreover cannot conflict with this.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

Introduction to Rabelais

Francis Rabelais, by Albert J. Nock and C. R. Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

TO AMERICAN readers the name of Rabelais is likely enough to seem an invitation to ask a few questions. Who was this French monk of the sixteenth century, in what English version has the flavor of his work been most successfully conserved, and how are we to judge of his morals and his purpose? The present writers have endeavored to answer all three of these queries. Their knowledge of the translations is exemplary, though of course the much-debated modernistic rendition by Mr. Putnam did not arrive soon enough for their consideration. In all matters of biography and background they wisely availed themselves of the researches of Professor Plattard and the French Rabelais Society, wherefore the reader will find their book a digest of all that is known about this very elusive story-teller. After a few pages have been read it will be sufficiently evident that they are enthusiastic advocates of Rabelais's point of view, morals and literary method. This is, indeed, a book which is at the same time an act of veneration.

Unfortunately enthusiasm is difficult to control. On page 234, Messrs. Nock and Wilson digress to shower the universities with advice: "Let them first inculcate upon their fledgling doctors of philosophy some measure of literary tact, delicacy of perception, ardor and precision of spiritual sympathy." The advice is very good, but does it belong in a volume of this sort? Or does it tend to convey the impression that here is not so much an exposition of the being and achievement of Rabelais as an exhortation, a harangue, which reckons insufficiently with the virtue of restraint? At any rate, one does notice the absence of restraint. A few examples must suffice. We are told that the Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes "is one of the few that have ever grouped around a great man's name,

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and really accomplished anything." Well, there are at least several dozen such societies with good records. The entry of Rabelais into a Franciscan monastery is termed a "strange choice" in view of the fact that the mendicant order "did not keep schools or do anything with teaching." Has the Franciscan record at Oxford, Paris and elsewhere been forgotten so completely? The view of the Church as an institution interested primarily in turning people over to the secular arm for decapitation is a bit restricted, to say the least. Was Machiavelli really the "founder of modern political science"? The description of the Renaissance seems to infer that Latin literature had not been studied previously. And so on. One regrets this effusiveness the more because Messrs. Nock and Wilson have written a book which can be termed, on the whole, the best available introduction to Rabelais in English.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Chesterton in Controversy

The Thing, Why I Am a Catholic, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THIS volume is made up of a series of essays which have, most of them, been printed before, but which are well worth reading again though doubtless only confirmed Chesterton fans will have seen more than a few of them. The book is Chesterton at his best. In the introduction he answers those who suggest that there is too much controversial writing on the part of Catholics. Even some of our own are inclined to say that we go around too much with a chip on our shoulder. Mr. Chesterton points out, however, that such a controversial attitude is necessitated by the attitude of a number of those who, as they think, write not in controversial spirit but yet use the most intolerant language. "The dean of Saint Paul's permits himself to call the Catholic Church a treacherous and bloody corporation; Mr. H. G. Wells is allowed to compare the Blessed Trinity to an undignified dance; the Bishop of Birmingham to compare the Blessed Sacrament to a barbarous blood feast." In comment Mr. Chesterton says: "It is felt that phrases like these cannot ruffle that peace and harmony which all such humanitarians desire; there is nothing in these expressions that could possibly interfere with brotherhood and the sympathy that is the bond of society; we may be sure of this for we have the words of the writers themselves that their whole aim is to generate an atmosphere of liberality and love."

Mr. Chesterton is at his happiest when answering Dean Inge. One has the feeling after a time that it is providential that Chesterton and Dean Inge should have belonged to the same generation. He makes the gloomy Dean a witness to the truth. It would be interesting to make a little anthology of the sentences in which Dean Inge is set right in this volume. What a striking answer Chesterton has for our old friend, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has been objecting that the confessional is the most indelicate institution; and that it is highly improper for a young lady of correct deportment in the matter of prunes and prisms to mention such things as sins to a strange gentleman. Chesterton's answer is, "If a girl must not mention sin to a man in a corner of a church, it is apparently the only place nowadays in which she may not do so. She must not whisper to an impersonal presence behind a grating the most abstract allusion to the things that she hears shouted and cat-called in all the theatrical art and social conversation of the day."

In the essay, Why I Am a Catholic, Chesterton has some very quotable sentences: "On practically every essential count on which the Reformation actually put Rome in the dock,

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NEXT WEEK

The Commonweal announces for publication, either in this issue or the next, an article by Paul Scheffer, well-known correspondent for the Berliner Tageblatt. This will be a first-hand account of the conflict between religion and Communism in Soviet Russia. Here is a paper no American can afford to miss. . . . Many ideas spring to mind at mention of the word SOLESMES. Cuthbert Wright sends us from France a fine paper which dwells on some of the history of this famous Benedictine monastery and the relighting of this beacon of Catholic culture through the efforts of Dom Gueranger. . . . From René Fülöp-Miller's book on the Jesuits, another section of THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY will continue the description of a country which embodied idealistic principles of government. . . . The empire state might well contest Virginia's motherhood of presidents. Certainly the governor of New York must always be regarded as a potential presidential candidate. In SIGNS AND PORTENTS Adam Day discusses the possibilities of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the present incumbent, whose great victory in 1928 strengthened his chances of selection as Democratic standard-bearer in 1932. . . . The history of the origin of the prohibition amendment is traced in an article, THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE by Ernest Sutherland Bates, which is to be part of his forthcoming book, The Land of Liberty. In it Mr. Bates declares that "the atmosphere of intellectual dishonesty surrounding the whole program of the Anti-saloon League became palpable in the wording of the Wheeler-Volstead act." . . . Dorothy Day's LETTER FROM MEXICO and Charles Morrow Wilson's THE RENAISSANCE OF DIGNITY will round out the issue.

Rome has since been acquitted by the jury of the whole world." "It is perfectly true that we can find real wrongs, provoking rebellion, in the Roman Church just before the Reformation. What we cannot find is one of these real wrongs that the Reformation reformed."

Mr. Chesterton has taken Mencken and Dreiser to task in the first essay in the volume, The Sceptic as a Critic, in a way that will delight the hearts of American readers who have looked in vain for a satisfying retort to these worthies from American sources.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Lorenzo Mishandled

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth. New York: Brentano's. $5.00.

BEYOND that freedom from the tyranny of hearsay which a scholarly training aims to confer, Lorenzo de' Medici demands in a biographer genuine intellectual achievement, balance and a sense of humor. This book hints at none of these qualities in its author. At first thought one might imagine it to have been written by some gossipy old woman from a pension near the Porta Prato in the City of the Flower, or say by some retired English colonel drowsy with cherry brandy among the waving palms of Bordighera. But many, if not all old ladies in Florence, as well as practically all retired colonels on the Riviera, are specialists in Italian history, and speak of it with an enthusiasm and a preciseness which would do credit to Mr. Loth.

He seems simply to have rehashed some third- or fourth-rate biography of Lorenzo, with such a general blurring of detail as to make his book a triumph of feeble and pointless writing. Take a few sentences on the Pazzi conspiracy:

"Exchanging compliments and jests, the three hurried back to the cathedral. Inside they joined the fashionable promenade around the choir where the notables of Florence were accustomed to stroll, offering to each other bits of the latest gossip during the protracted services of their church. Pazzi had only a moment to see that Maffei and Bagnone were close behind Lorenzo when the sacrament was raised and the words 'missa est' were echoing under the great dome. Before they died away the Volterran Maffei was leaping forward, his dagger in his hand."

Let this liturgical naïveté pass, even though it argue a lack of elementary knowledge concerning an institution one ought to know rather well, if he have any real desire to understand the civilization of western Europe. As a matter of fact, however, the contemporary accounts present no such unanimity as Mr. Loth could have easily discovered had he taken the trouble to consult such a work as Erich Franz's Sixtus IV und die Republik Florenz, where they are all conveniently listed.

Two of the six contemporary accounts do indeed mention the Elevation, a third refers to the Agnus Dei, another claims the whole affair was concluded between the Elevation and the Communion. Only Filippo Strozzi the younger, writing the life of his illustrious grandfather, uses the words, "in sul dire missa est," but there is no implication whatever that they were used even as a password. The question is simply one of fact, but there is the psychological importance of disagreements.

So after all Mr. Loth's book will not be liable to replace Von Reumont's standard and readable study on Lorenzo, though it may rank as one of the dullest and most ignorant books written about any of the Medici.

SPEER STRAHAN.

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Fighting Irish

The Irish Battalion in the Papal Army of 1860, by G. F. H. Berkeley. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 15 Shillings.

THE reputation of the Irish as soldiers was gained very largely under foreign flags. Brigades and battalions and regiments of Irishmen fought under many colors, and, always, it must be said, with credit to themselves and with honor to the flag they followed. The expedition in aid of the Pope in 1860 was conceived in the generous spirit of the mediaeval crusaders, executed against the opposition of the English and in face of all the opprobrium that the enemies of the Papacy on the continent could devise. The author's sympathies with the undertaking and his admiration for the volunteers did not prevent him from exhausting all sources of information, hostile and friendly, in his effort to give a full and unbiased account of the expedition. The war in defense of the Pope was neither long nor bloody, nor was it conducted, apparently with any evidence of military skill or preparedness. Undisciplined and without adequate equipment the Irish in the few engagements in which they took part conducted themselves with courage and credit. When the war ended the Irish returned home in a vessel chartered for the purpose by some friends in Ireland. From the war in Italy many of them passed to the war in America where, in the southern as well as in the northern armies, they gained fame and distinction.

The author was fortunate in having taken up his study of the expedition while many of the veterans were still alive, and in being able to learn from them their recollections of what they had done and seen. The expedition was a generous gesture that had little influence on the final outcome of the conflict in Italy. It was honorable to the men who took part in it, and the author of this book is to be thanked for having rescued it from oblivion.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

The World Seen from Africa

Africa and Some World Problems; Including the Rhodes Memorial Lectures Delivered in Michaelmas Term, 1929, by J. C. Smuts. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

SINCE 1920 we have been so preoccupied with eradicating the wild Wilsonian gleam from our diplomatic eye that we have not noticed General Smuts in the British international outlook. Year by year the great figures of Versailles have been toppled from power or have been laid away in the grave—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, Venizelos, Paderewski; but General Smuts has gone right on in South African politics up to the election of General Herzog and the rise of South African nationalism. Now the coauthor of the League of Nations is free to lecture on world politics.

From the purely historical point of view, his lectures on African problems are the most valuable portion of this book. Livingstone and Stanley, Cecil Rhodes and Jamison, come to life again and are linked with the organic developments growing out of the war and reconstruction period in Africa. The march south of Mahommedanism, the eradication of slavery, the native problem, economic development—all these find their place in this valuable treatment.

Of less actual importance, though of greater popular interest, are General Smuts's observations regarding neutrality and the Kellogg pact and the League of Nations. He regards Article X "as an exception to the real trend and purpose of the League" but clings steadfastly to the "economic sanctions" of

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Professor of Psychology and Natural Theology, Fordham University

Sunday, March 23, 1930, "Humanism and the Philosophers."
Sunday, March 30, 1930, "Humanism and Some Divines."
Sunday, April 6, 1930, "Humanism and Humanity."

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Bancel La Farge
on
Sacred Painting

At the Pius X School of Liturgical Music Mr. Bancel La Farge will be the concluding speaker in the series of lectures on Sacred Art.

The work of Mr. La. Farge—fine examples of which can be found in the murals of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island, and the mosaic decorations of the Chapel of Saint Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland—testify to the thoroughness with which he has studied religious art. Like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who preceded him in the series, he is one of the most successful in his chosen field. As one who has adapted mediaeval art to modern requirement without sacrifice of its beauty, he is eminently fitted as a lecturer on Sacred Painting.

Mr. La Farge's first lecture will be given on April 11; the second on April 25. Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

All lectures are held in Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, at 4.00 P.M. on the dates scheduled.

Tickets for each lecture, $2.00

Special Rates for Students Upon Application

Application may be made to The Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Telephone Cathedral 1334—or to The Commonweal, Suit 4622, Grand Central Terminal New York City, Telephone Murray Hill 8581.

Article XVI. He contends that through the Kellogg pact we have virtually abandoned our rights of neutrality:

". . . A state involved in a public war will lawfully exercise as against neutrals the ordinary rights of search and capture in accordance with international law, while one provoking a private war will not be entitled to these rights. . . . The peace pact is only a grand beginning, and its general declarations should be followed up to their logical details. If private war is illegal, and the party resorting to it virtually a war outlaw, he must not only be deprived of all rights against neutrals, but other states should also undertake to have no dealings with him, and should not render him indirect assistance through the ordinary trade or financial channels. . . . If the right of supply to a war outlaw is explicitly renounced, as it is implicitly renounced in the peace pact, the United States could no longer claim the right of a neutral to freedom of trade with such a party, and the question of freedom of the seas falls to the ground."

Check and double check! The British thesis had not yet previously been so bluntly asserted. As the enforcement of "economic sanctions" will be impossible without the coöperation of the British fleet, this thesis simply resolves itself into an assertion that in future wars the United States will have no legal rights as against the operations of the British blockade. Had not the Secretary of State formally rejected this conclusion, as set forth in a recent British white paper, General Smuts's assertions might be regarded as a novel principle in international law. As it is, they are simply a historical curiosity, a ballon d'essai. The essential problem of Anglo-American naval relations will be met by practical coöperation rather than by dialectical ingenuity. Therefore, it is worth repeating that General Smuts's lectures on Africa constitute the most important part of this slender volume.

JOHN CARTER.

Goncharov's Masterpiece

Oblomov, by Ivan Goncharov; translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

GONCHAROV, a nobleman by education, spent many years in the government service in St. Petersburg. His life was singularly uneventful except that once he inadvertently took a trip around the world in a frigate. His literary output, aside from Oblomov, is not very significant. Upon this single novel, which is certainly a work of genius, his literary reputation rests.

Oblomov is the story of a man led to inevitable doom by his drowsy indolence. Born to a family of Russian gentry, which lived isolated from the rest of the world, he received in earliest childhood a training designed to kill all initiative and which finally induced spiritual paralysis. His dearest friend, Stolz, who always "applied the right method in every emergency," tried various and sundry ruses to rouse Oblomov from his apathy. Oblomov makes a real effort to rise due to his friend's insistence and more particularly to his sudden love for Olga. Olga is a splendid type of Russian woman, but somewhat unconvincing. She loves Oblomov for his guilelessness, his generosity and his idealism and she does everything in her power to make of him a man she can respect. The struggle is too much for Oblomov. He does not have enough energy to arrange his affairs so as to make their marriage possible and the engagement is broken off. Olga marries the energetic but uninteresting Stolz and Oblomov slips back more deeply than

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ever into Oblomovism—a life of complete inaction disturbed only by his beautiful and idealistic dreams.

There are no events in Oblomov. The novel is strictly subjective, stressing the importance of standards of conscience. It is not an exhilarating book, being on the contrary tedious and lengthy at times, but it is the most powerful example of what has been cleverly termed the "imperfective" style in literature. Natalie Duddington has served the book well by her complete and excellent version.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

O'Flaherty as a Propagandist

Return of the Brute, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

MR. LIAM O'FLAHERTY is a writer of undoubted talent, but up to the present moment that is all that can be said. He has power, he has command over words, and he has imagination; why then has he not yet produced a novel which can be said to count? Whether it is an inability innate in his type of mind it is of course too early to say, but it is certainly possible to say that as long as he insists on writing novels which deal entirely with special cases, he will remain without serious import. Return of the Brute is an example of this. In it O'Flaherty gives us an episode in the war, a tale of nine men of a squad in the advanced trenches who in the space of a few days are brought by suffering and fear to the level, not of animals, but of unmitigated brutes.

Granted that Mr. O'Flaherty's talent makes these nine men credible, we yet feel that he has deliberately set out to present us horror, either for reasons of propaganda or simply for horror's sake. Of balance, proportion, truth in its broader sense, his latest novel is without a trace. He has gone in for blood and beastliness, just these and nothing more. Return of the Brute is able writing, but if it is not propaganda it is naturalism gone mad. And such, no matter what the talent, is not the stuff of which literature is made.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Lure of the Jungle

Jungle Portraits, by Delia Akeley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MRS. DELIA AKELEY, famous as an African explorer and naturalist, has written one of the most interesting books on the dark continent yet brought out. It is an account of a trip which she made unaccompanied by any other white person, into the heart of Africa, following the death of her explorer-husband. Her purpose was not principally to add to our knowledge of the jungle animals, but to learn all that she could of the half-mythical pigmies. Mrs. Akeley not only found them and made friends with them, but she lived and hunted with them for weeks, studying their customs, family life, habits and language. And she was accepted on almost equal terms with them because of her prowess on the trail. In addition to her notes on the pigmies, the book includes many episodes of animal life, observations of insects, and some fascinating stories about crocodiles.

Her repeated comparison of the happy, carefree life of the natives yet untouched by white customs—and clothes—are sad commentaries on our much-vaunted civilization and boasted progress, a matter that Mrs. Akeley herself takes occasion to remark from time to time as she tells her story.

CLIFF MAXWELL.

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Briefer Mention

Letters of a Portuguese Nun; translated by E. Allen Ashwin. Talybont, Dyffryn, North Wales: Francis Walterson. 15 Shillings.

FEW volumes published during the late seventeenth century have created the stir which followed the appearance of the Letters of a Portuguese Nun. Literary folk, from Rousseau to Mrs. Browning, have been influenced by them; and of course they are responsible for the abiding greenness of the Marquis de Chamilly's memory. It is now generally conceded that the author was what she purported to be, so that the tale of amorousness here unfolded is at once a historical commentary and a stage in a moving spiritual history. Mr. Ashwin's translation is excellent in every respect. As for Mr. Walterson's part in the work, one may say that it leads to the conviction that whosoever is moved to issue a literary production with distinction ought to turn to North Wales. This is one of the finest examples of small book-making we have seen in many a year, and confirms our belief that he is among the most effective of contemporary printers.

The Tethered Bubble, by Fanny Lee Weyant. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

MISS WEYANT harks back to the nineties for her theme, a time, we are told, when the higher education for females was still a warmly debated topic. Dear, dead Victoria; dear, dead Victorians of New England. Celia Thorne was the youngest instructor in a woman's college; a charming creature grimly conscious of her starched, academic dignity, yet open to the inducements of young men in season. Her path is thorny; her heart is wrung and her head befuddled by the necessity of choice. Celia, poor dear, after some three hundred rather well-written pages, resigns her career for a mess of marriage.

The Development of Harvard University: 1869-1929, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $6.00.

THE fifty years of Harvard's existence as a university have been reviewed in this symposium, of which Dr. Morison is the editor. The book, planned as the final volume of a complete history of the institution, abounds in material which will fascinate the educator. It is commented upon at length elsewhere in this issue.

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